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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE GREAT WAR RELIC.

TOGETHER WITH

A Sketch of My Life,
Service in the Army,

•••••
and how

I • Lost • My • Feet
Since the War,

also,
Many Interesting Incidents

Illustrative
of the
Life of a Soldier.



Respectfully dedicated to my Comrade George E. Reed, Post 53, Dept. Penn'a, G. A. R., Harrisburg
for his Valuable War Relic, "The Campaign of the Sixth Army Corps,"
thereby assisting me to compile this work.

Valuable as a Curiosity of the Rebellion

COMPILED AND SOLD BY

CHAS. L. CUMMINGS.

LATE PRIVATE CO. E. TWENTY-EIGHTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY VOLUNT

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CHAS. L. CUMMINGS.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, SERVICE IN THE ARMY, AND HOW HE LOST HIS FEET SINCE THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

TOGETHER with GEORGE E. REED'S FAMOUS WAR RELIC: "The Campaign of the Sixth Army Corps," during the year 1863; written by Mr. Reed while a private in Company A, Ninety-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, (known more generally as Goslin's Zouaves,) Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Army Corps; and a collection of short stories relative to events that happened during the Rebellion, which will certainly prove interesting to all who purchase the book.

While yet a boy of sixteen years I volunteered to fight for Uncle Sam. Seven years after I returned to the home of my boyhood at Allegan, Mich., (having put down the Rebellion with the assistance of the balance of the army—the greatest the world had ever seen,) I was unfortunate enough to lose both my feet, the particulars of which appear on the following pages. The first day I was able to walk without my feet I started in business with sixty-five cents. After nearly twelve years' experience in the peddling business I found two good reasons why I must abandon the sale of merchandise for something not sold in the stores: the first reason was on account of the exorbitant license forced from me by the municipal authorities—WHAT FOR?—to protect those who had more money than I, and were otherwise more fortunate: the second was on account of the inquisitive people who wanted to know more about me than I knew myself, and never needed anything I offered for sale. And now I have decided to answer all, as it will be found in this book, AND IN NO OTHER WAY; if the information is worth having, it is worth something, AND I CAN'T



LIVE ON QUESTIONS, as they have been fired at me for so many years. I have lately revised and added new material to the work, thereby increasing its value, and making the book better than ever.

PUBLIC PATRONAGE IS A PUBLIC TRUST.

A SHORT SKETCH OF MY LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

I WAS BORN at Adrian, Mich., March 14, 1848. On or about the 23d of September, 1864, I went to Kalamazoo, Mich., from Allegan, where I had resided for several years with my parents. The Twenty-eighth Michigan Infantry was being organized at Kalamazoo. I had found a former friend from Allegan, Al. Esterbrook; he was on guard, and I was walking along the beat with him, carrying an old musket, and imagining I was or ought to be a soldier, when I discovered an officer approaching, and when he was a dozen yards away, he said: "Here, young man, put that musket where you got it, and if I see—why hello, Charlie, is that you? I did not recognize you at first. Why, I heard your mother died on the 17th; I am sorry for you, my boy. Do you want to enlist? I am raising a company and want all the Allegan boys I can get." This was Captain S. S. Thomas, whom I had known for some years at home. I replied that my business in Kalamazoo was to enlist; we went to headquarters where I was enrolled as a private in Company E, Twenty-eighth Michigan Infantry. On the 26th, with others, I was sworn into the United States service for three years. On the 27th of October, the organization of the regiment having been completed, we left the State by railway transportation and arrived in Louisville, Ky., on the 29th, where we went into camp just outside the city, and soon learned how to cook coffee, bacon and beans in the most approved soldier fashion. A letter from my former Captain, dated March 31, 1889, furnishes some facts in regard to our life up to March 10, 1865, which enables me to make this article more authentic than it would be if I relied wholly upon my own memory. On October 30th, a part of Company D was detached from the regiment and sent as a guard to a drove of cattle being sent to Nashville, Tenn., for General Thomas' army. They got as far as Mumfordsville, Ky., and finding the guerillas too many

for them, they sent back for reinforcements, and Company E was selected for that duty. When about to leave in light marching order (for when the officers would say "Left!" the boys would say "Left! left our ponchos and tents, and are darned lucky our overcoats and blankets were not left!") our Captain received orders to proceed to the city prison and get two guerillas that had been sentenced to be shot, and take them out sixteen miles south-east of Mumfordsville, on Johnson's farm, and there execute them. We arrived at Mumfordsville in the night, and in the morning it was raining—the prisoners were placed in a wagon, and took their last ride on their own coffins; people usually take their last ride in their coffin, and this was the first deviation from the rule that I ever observed. A part of the men were mounted. The mud we tramped through on our march must be seen to be appreciated—it was real old Kentucky mud, which made walking possible, but to run was entirely out of the question. One-half the company remained in the rear as a reserve in case of an attack, perhaps four miles from the place of execution. It makes me feel damp even now, when I think how the rain poured down upon us that day.

On the 10th of November we crossed Green river on a pontoon bridge, swimming the cattle, and took up our line of march for Nashville, along the Louisville and Nashville pike, which was in a terrific state of disrepair, but the adhesiveness of the inevitable red mud made the boys stick to the pike, so called, bad as it was; the rough, sharp, broken limestone would roll under our feet and cut our shoes, and sometimes our feet; may be we didn't wish we had remained at home, especially when it would rain and sleet, and we would shiver as we never shivered before. With the cold, wet to the skin the most of the time, and our overcoats seemed to weigh a quarter of a ton, and Jeff Thomp-

son with his two hundred guerillas would disturb our peaceful slumbers at night—well, we soon got an idea of the life of a soldier.

At Cave City the rain poured down in torrents, and some of the rebel sympathizers thought it would be nice to get the boys drinking whisky and drug them, so that it would be an easy matter for Jeff Thompson to capture us and our charge, three hundred head of fat cattle, (any old soldier who ate any of that beef will testify that it might have been *fat* some months previous to the time of its slaughter,) but our Captain was on to their little game at once, and closed all the stores and saloons and put a guard over them, and the old boys found the Yankees too smart for them again.

We left the next morning for Gallatin, Tenn., and our march to that point was still worse, the rain turned into hail, sleet and snow, and the weather was bitter cold. At Gallatin we were ordered to Baker's plantation with the cattle, to feed and recruit them, as the army was kicking about so much beef dried with the hide on. * Here the snow was eight inches deep, with a hard crust that would bear a man's weight; our overcoats were all we had to protect us from the cold, and a stiff lot of boys would turn out to roll call in the morning; to warm up during the day we skirmished for sheep, chickens and persimmons. One night our Captain, who boarded with the Bakers, overheard a bit of conversation that made his ears tingle—they, the Bakers, thought the Captain was out, instead of being in his room—he heard them plan to give him a grand reception the following Wednesday night, and about ten o'clock Jeff Thompson was to take us by surprise; but Capt. Thomas quietly took a walk the next day, and after looking the ground over decided where Jeff would be most likely to approach us; that was across a creek one-fourth of a mile from the house; he changed the pasture, placing the cattle near the house, and put myself and three more men on guard, commanded by Sergt. Brown, a most reliable man, at the creek ford;

all other points were well guarded, and a good reserve remained. The entertainment was somewhat overdone. It was a clear, cold, moonlight night—the guard hearing a rustling of the bushes fired in that direction, and the whole squad fired, and the Captain came down on a double quick to inquire if any assistance was needed, but Sergeant Brown told him he had men enough to whip the whole force. Jeff and his band retreated, and in the morning the Captain informed the Bakers that the safety of their lives depended on the good behavior of Jeff Thompson and his band, and did not allow any member of the family to leave the house during our stay on the plantation. We left soon after the first of December and marched to a new camp nearer Nashville. While there, one day I was with some of the boys on an exploring expedition, and we met some men engaged in butchering some small hogs, we proposed to buy some livers and pay for them on pay day, when one of them said "there are some lights in the run (creek) good enough for — Yankees;" we were not brought up to eat that kind of rations, and took a walk towards our camp and made a discovery. The next day the planter came to our camp and reported the loss of twenty bee hives and honey, the Captain questioned all the boys closely, searched the camp, found some so-called soft soap but no honey, then told the poor, old farmer all his soldier boys had been too well reared at home to molest anything, it must have been some one else, besides the men were all sick—so they were, as honey, bacon and hard tack had made them sick.

Early in December we arrived at Nashville, turned our cattle over to the quartermaster's department, and rejoined our regiment, which had arrived a little ahead of us with a wagon train from Louisville. The regiment was assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division, (Ruger's,) Twenty-third Army Corps, and took an active part in the engagement from the 12th to the 16th of December, to the entire satisfaction of our commanding officers. After

the fight we went into camp near the penitentiary and guarded the prisoners, who were scantily clothed and nearly starved when captured, but had fought bravely. On December 25th we loaded them on several freight trains and started for Louisville where we arrived January 1, 1865, and had a jolly time seeing the sights on that New Year's Day. I was with a small party who probably had more fun than any other exploring party from the Twenty-eighth. We visited a bakery and restaurant, and paid \$3.00 for a fried chicken, \$1.50 each for ham and eggs; then we took a large fancy cake from the window, this was taken on the installment plan, and we sat on a church step while we ate it, several squares away from where we ate the chicken, ham and eggs, and returned to our headquarters in time for roll call in the evening. We returned to Nashville on the next day, where we remained until January 11th, doing some fancy drilling in the mud, seeing the sights of the city when off duty, and some fast running to get away from the Eighteenth Michigan, who were doing provost or military police duty.

When we left Nashville on board a steamer we were bound for Eastport, Miss. Upon our arrival at Paducah, Ky., we were ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C. We remained on the boat until we arrived at Cincinnati, O., where we disembarked at the foot of Main street, and tried to get warm around some pine wood fires. We then marched to the Pan Handle depot, sampled some of the leaf tobacco, and stored ourselves into palace box cars, where we remained until our arrival at Alexandria, Va., on the 25th.

On February 19th we embarked on board a magnificent transport steamer to join the forces then being organized to capture Wilmington, N. C. We had a jolly rough ride around Cape Hatteras, and arrived off Fort Fisher on the evening of February 23d—a gunboat steamed out of the river, sent a shot across our bow, and our good ship hove too very quickly, when the gunboat sent some officers on board who, after carefully examining our

papers, informed us that Wilmington had been taken just before we arrived. My company was quartered away down in the hold, but I had a peculiar way of my own of not obeying orders sometimes, and managed to stay on deck, where I got plenty of fresh air and learned what was going on. I never shirked my duty, but off duty would always manage to look out for Charlie. We were ordered to Beaufort, N. C., where we arrived on the 26th, and from there to Newbern by railway, and here we found we were part of quite a little army under the command of J. D. Cox. On March 2d we took up our line of march towards Goldsboro', rebuilding the railroad, building corduroys for the wagons and artillery, and when we were resting we would lift the latter out of the mud. Our marching was mostly done at night, and then work all day. I fell off a cypress log one day into the water, nearly up to my neck; a regiment of cavalry was passing on the corduroy, when one of them called out: "Hey, web foot, get on to your bureau and float over. — you!" I have been gunning for that man ever since. On the 7th of March we halted and arranged an elegant camp and were enjoying our rest hugely, but on the morning of the 8th we heard some cannonading, and there was great activity among the troops when we got orders to strike tents, and as we were forming into line for the march, a battery dashed past us, the horses on the run, the drivers yelling and trying to swear just a little bit as they thundered along; a battery man yelled at us "Come on, web-foot, come on; there's lots of fun up yonder, come a running, you — —!" Well, we did run; it was about nine o'clock in the morning. As soon as we got into line the order was "Forward, double-quick, march!" The Colonel galloped along the line shouting "Close up, close up!" While on the march, some boys had captured a colored boy with an ox hitched to a cart, they loaded the cart with knapsacks for one day, but the next day the ox had vanished, the hungry boys had eaten him, and the cart had furnished the fuel with which

to cook the carcass. A certain officer had made a bargain with the darkey to carry his baggage, and when we got into the forced march, as we neared the battlefield, the darkey conscientiously dropped the baggage and took to the swamp; he was heard to say "Fore de Lord, Massa, I'se a gittin' out of dis!" We had to continue our run for two hours, and then wound up with a successful charge, capturing several hundred men and several field officers. Then we learned that in the morning, General Cox's command had been attacked by the enemy and about seven hundred men, under the command of Colonel Upham, were captured, and that our brigade, consisting of the One Hundred and Twenty-third, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth, and One Hundred and Thirtieth Indiana, and the Twenty-eighth Michigan infantry regiments, commanded by Colonel John McChristian, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Indiana, arrived on the field just in time to prevent the enemy penetrating Cox's lines, between General Palmer and Carter's Divisions. The Twenty-eighth was engaged in heavy skirmishing all that day and the following night. Where Company E was stationed the ground was very wet and our Captain was quite sick. We would make a bed of brush and rails two feet high, and in a little while it would sink until he was in the water, and we would build it up again; fortunately we had plenty of rails at hand. Our Captain was knocked out in the double-quick on the day previous, still he remained with us until the 10th, when he was too weak to sit up, with diarrhœa and fever, and we had to send him to a hospital. On the 9th we were sent to support a battery of the Third New York Light Artillery; the enemy had a battery directly opposite us and were cutting the trees down, so that it was not near as safe behind those works as it would have been some other place. Our skirmish line had captured or driven back the enemy's skirmishers, and had been compelled to retreat to our works while the artillery fought the battle. At this particular point there was a ravine

between the lines, and the fallen timber greatly obstructed our men as we charged that two-gun battery. It was a gallant charge, led by our color-sergeant. After disabling the guns and killing their horses, our Colonel drove us back; we went reluctantly, but when we felt the effect of their infantry fire we were glad enough to be behind those breast-works again.

On the 10th they hustled us about considerably. During the night the enemy (being partially defeated and somewhat afraid we were being reinforced, for all night long the bands marched up and down our lines, and every body was hurrahing for Sherman) retreated, burning the bridge in their rear when they crossed the Neuse river. The musketry during the afternoon of the 9th, also the 10th, was most terrific; old veterans said they never experienced heavier. During our charge on the 9th our Sergeant Major was nearly killed by the concussion of a shell, which passed so close to his head he said it made a fool of him, and I thought it had killed him until I met him in Detroit, Mich., in August, 1888. While waiting for the engineers to rebuild the bridge, we buried our dead and cared for the wounded. I never knew what was done with the prisoners we captured; I heard some of them say they were glad to be captured in order to get something to eat; poor fellows, they fought well, even if they were nearly starved. Some of the boys said they went over the field and found our line of battle had been nearly seven miles long and in the shape of a horse-shoe. Our force was estimated at 15,000; that of the enemy was much greater. The command we were in constituted a part of the force concentrating in the vicinity of Wilmington. While the details were burying the dead I went out to negotiate for a ham or any other movable property. I had secured a good woolen coverlet, an excellent blanket, and was in a smoke house negotiating for a well-cured ham, and did not know that hundreds of other men were in that vicinity on a similar mission, when bang! bang! bang! and then two distinct volleys of musketry considerably disturb-

ed my arbitrary negotiations for the ham. I rushed out very lively to see if I was killed or only captured. I feared the colored people who I had persuaded to loan me the blanket—which I needed, having lost my own in one of our charges through the green briars—had become suspicious of my "varacity" and had betrayed me into the hands of the enemy, and to be killed or captured in a smoke house was, in my opinion, the mark of a poor soldier. Determined to give them a good fight, I rushed out to find it was some of our boys killing sheep—a necessity of war, for we had been without rations for several days. You can, perhaps, imagine my relief when I found I was still alive and not captured.

March 14th, my seventeenth birthday, we marched to Kinston, but a few miles from the scene of our late conflict; after we had feasted on government and other rations, our gallant commander, Colonel W. W. Wheeler, ordered the men to remove the top rails from the fences, which order was obeyed until no rails remained within one mile of our lines, then the boys went to work with pick and shovel and worked faithfully until near midnight, when we were allowed to rest until five o'clock on the morning of the 15th, and then had to answer to our names at roll-call. Immediately after that little fires began to twinkle along the line while the stars were fading away, soon the aroma of coffee and bacon suggested creature comforts, and the whole economy of life, behind the magnificent earthworks that had been erected the previous night, was moving as steadily on as if it had never been interrupted. Before we had fairly begun to enjoy the pleasures of exploring the surrounding country the drums beat the long roll of assembly, and before the sun had risen very high we had resumed our march and the reconstruction of the railroad to Goldsboro', where we arrived on the 21st, when the brigade was placed on duty guarding the Atlanta and North Carolina Railroad. We had re-built this road from Newbern, and brought supplies to this point for Sherman's Army. The

Twenty-eighth was stationed several miles east of Goldsboro', and given a section of the railroad to patrol. I was stationed at the home of an old man to act as safeguard for the family. I felt the deepest sympathy for them, as they had two sons who had been pressed into the Confederate Army. On the 9th of April we returned to Goldsboro'. While here the Twenty-eighth supported a detachment of the First Michigan mechanics while they built a bridge across the river that Sherman's Army must cross before entering Goldsboro'. The first to arrive were the scouts and foragers, we called them bummers, and I suppose the unfortunate people living or trying to live along their line of march called them many other names. The army soon resumed its march westward. The second and third divisions of the Twenty-third corps came up from Wilmington, N. C., with Sherman's Army, and the Twenty-third corps was halted on a plantation with heavy pine forests on two sides, each regiment was drawn up in line, and the whole corps was massed quite close together, then came the command "Attention to Orders!" and the order was read to each regiment by its commanding officer, that Lee had surrendered. Immediately following this some one set fire to a large tar kiln in the forest, the troops broke ranks, carrying their officers on their shoulders and shouting themselves hoarse, while many washed the soot off their faces with tears, so great was their joy at the glad tidings. The flames from the tar kilns leaped beyond the tops of the highest trees, while the wind carried the smoke over our heads, making a dense black canopy over this to all appearances demoralized mob of howling demons, but military discipline soon restored order and we marched away never to behold a sight to equal the one we were leaving, and the ever vigilant, creeping, tickling, biting, little graybacks bit and crawled up and down our backs with the same energy they did before the surrender.

We arrived in Raleigh about the 20th or 21st of April, I say about that date,

for I am compelled to write this from memory. We were in Raleigh several days before we were ordered to prepare for a march, and when ready we marched but about two miles to another side of the city and went into camp near an immense spring that furnished water for 25,000 men and several thousand horses—and this occurred the day that Johnston surrendered to Sherman. We remained in camp there a while, I don't remember exactly the date we left, yet during our stay there was a grand review of the army. Nearly all left for Washington soon after the review, but the Twenty-eighth was destined to remain, and received some recruits from the Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Michigan regiments—men who had enlisted in '64 for three years in those regiments were transferred to the Twenty-eighth. Early in May we left for the western part of the State and halted at Greensboro'. The most of the brigade came with us to this point. One man was ordered to be bucked and gagged by the Colonel for a trifling infraction of military discipline, and some of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Indiana, hearing of this, came into our camp, overpowered the guards and cut the man loose. Colonel Wheeler threatened to call out the regiment to fire on the Indiana boys, but after thinking of it concluded to let the matter rest; 'tis well he did, for mutiny would surely have occurred—the two regiments were fast friends. We then marched to Charlotte, Lincolnton and Dallas. We would stop long enough to allow our officers to administer the oath of allegiance to the citizens and appoint officials to enforce the laws, while the boys would explore every wood, hill, ravine, field, and all the old mines. They soon learned how much corn or cotton grew to the acre, where all the green corn, fruit, and other delicacies were located, and the names of the native girls, while some fell in love with and married those bright-eyed southern maidens. While at Lincolnton the weather became very hot, and some of the boys suffered greatly with the heat; one man in my company, John B. Draper, was sunstruck while on guard in front of

the Colonel's headquarters, on the 20th or 21st of June. A man belonging to another company had his leg broken by a falling timber while the boys were building bowers over their tents to keep the sun off.

In September, '65, Company E went to Raleigh to do guard duty at Department Headquarters, Gen. T. H. Ruger in command or military Governor of North and South Carolina. I was finally detailed to drive General Ruger's carriage. General Grant came to Raleigh in 1866 several times, and I took him from the depot to his hotel or other parts of the city, while acting as orderly for General Ruger. The balance of the regiment had been doing duty at Goldsboro' and other points in the State, while Company E was at Raleigh. June 6th, 1866, we left Raleigh, and when we arrived in Detroit, Mich., were finally mustered out of service. The ladies of Detroit gave us a splendid dinner, after which the boys left for their respective homes.

When I arrived at Allegan I found I had made a great mistake by going into the army, for while in the service of my country I contracted chronic diarrhoea and have never fully recovered from it; I had missed my chance to acquire an education, and the other boys had secured the good situations and there was nothing left me but the rough work, which I was not fit for, all on account of having been too patriotic. I secured a situation as an apprentice to learn the machinist trade, but took sick and lost my situation, and many more good opportunities passed me on account of the same reason as given above, until at last seeing no other chance to earn a living I ventured on the railroad. First on the Grand Rapids and Indiana, then to the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroad, North Missouri, Chicago, North-Western, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. In August, 1873, I left the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and went on the Toledo and Wabash as a brakeman on freight from Ft. Wayne to Lafayette, Ind. I had been in very good health for nearly a year, and weighed about

one hundred and eighty pounds ; I stood five feet nine and a half inches high. On the 28th of October a light snow fell in that locality. On the 29th, about 4 P. M., I started from near the passenger station at Lafayette with several of my railroad comrades to board a train moving east towards my caboose, being the foremost one of the party, to accommodate the others, I tried to get on to the forward end of the caboose car of the beforementioned train, it was a little slippery, and I had on a pair of new sewed boots, my foot slipped and I missed my hold and fell, my comrades failing to have sufficient presence of mind to move me and the wheels passed over both legs just above the ankle joints, crushing the bones and flesh but did not break the skin, and that is what probably saved my life. I have since met ten times as many men as actually saw me hurt, and they all say they saw me when I fell. No one can imagine how delighted I am to meet these men, for if one of them had taken hold of me he could have saved my feet, as when I fell I broke my left leg above the knee and the left foot lay on top of the right, and in my effort to get up, not knowing I was hurt, I put both feet across the track in the rear of the forward wheels ; when I discovered what I had done I tried to pull myself back and my boot held me fast and on account of the shock of breaking my leg I could not get out of the way in time and the hind wheels caught me. I was picked up and taken to my boarding house on Tippecanoe street, where Drs. Glick and Wallace soon arrived. After making an examination they decided I would not survive a double amputation that evening. The next morning, to the surprise of many, I was still alive and apparently doing well, but on the third day I had gone back wonderfully, and then it became necessary to stimulate me, and on the 17th of November the left foot was amputated and the right foot seemed to be doing so well it was decided to wait awhile ; in the meantime I had lost all my flesh so I would not have weighed more than eighty pounds

and had bed sores all over my back. Finally the right foot behaved very badly, large ulcers came on either side, and my leg was placed on a double incline plane and a seton run through my foot. If ever I wanted to be in heaven it was when they removed that seton. The first week in January, '74, an abcess, which had been forming in my left thigh, broke, and discharged freely for two hours ; it was estimated that one-half gallon of pus run out in that time. Then about the 15th of January the right foot was amputated and in fourteen more days I began to think I was improving. The amputation on the left foot healed in thirteen weeks, that of the right in eleven weeks. I was confined to the bed until April, when I commenced to sit up. The fracture in my left leg, being an oblique one, would not unite, or on account of the abcess could not make a perfect joint, so the bone lapped together five and a half inches, and the ends of the bone make two offsets, so I cannot wear an artificial limb. In May I began to learn to walk ; in June I went to Ft. Wayne, it was a necessity, there were so many of my friends who wanted to send me to the almshouse before I could learn to help myself. The 23d day of June was the first day I walked alone ; on that day a railroad boy gave me one dollar, after he failed to persuade me to visit a saloon to take a drink. Fortunately, I soon after met an agent of O. M. Allen, of Kalamazoo, who desired to sell me some patent pencils, quite a nice and useful novelty at that time. He commenced to talk of my buying two gross, and I shook my head, but he stayed with me two hours, and when he got down to talking about my buying two dozen I commenced to talk, and asked him if he would sell me one-half dozen, as I had but ninety-four cents, having bought two postage stamps to mail that number of letters to some of my friends, who never answered them. Well, after two hours as hard work as that agent ever did on one customer, I bought one-half dozen pencils for sixty-five cents and sold them at twenty-five cents each,

making a nice profit, and my price being lower than that of my competitors, the merchants, I sold a great many during the two years I was in the business. The local dealers often got even with me though by sending some one to shadow me and keep count of my sales, and they often had my license revoked because I was doing too much business. While in a small Wisconsin city one bright June day in 1875, a big fat German marshal wanted to peruse my license; not having that necessary article, he said I must go with him to the mayor, who at that time was in the council room, up over a store, the council being in session. He would not allow me to enter, but said, as he went in to report his important capture, "Now, you stood dere till I cooms back." Soon as that door closed I commenced to go down stairs, and on the street I met the proprietor of the hotel where I was stopping. When he learned of my arrest he took me to the depot and kept me safely until train time. When the train pulled out of the station I looked out the window, the marshal was on the platform, and placing my thumb on the end of my nose with fingers extended, I said "Now, you stood dere till I cooms back." I was finally run out of the State on account of the license, which was at that time more than I could pay and make a living. Now, however, it is quite different, as there is a law in Wisconsin which is more humane.

When the lead pencils were not saleable any more I went into another branch of peddling—that of selling on the street. When a man is a peddler or canvasser he is called a beggar, but if an able-bodied man tries to sell goods upon the street from the hurricane deck of a dry goods box, barrel, carriage or other stand, he is called a fakir. If you want to know what a free country this is just try to sell something on the street. You will find the license from \$1.00 to \$50.00 per day, and if you complain when it seems exorbitant, you will be (if able-bodied) promptly told to go to work, but if you cannot work then they will kindly tell you that the county

where you belong will take care of you; if you try to canvass an office building you will be thrown out; if you were a soldier, then in the minds of many you have no right whatever to try to make a living in any kind of traveling business, but must go to a soldiers' home.

I got a permit from the mayor of a small western city in the year 1879, to sell stationery on the street; the mayor was a doctor and happened to be called out of the city before I had a chance to make a sale, then the marshal deliberately stood by until I got a few people around me, and I thought I was going to do some business, but the marshal demanded \$3.00 license, tore up the permit the mayor had given me and threatened to put me in jail if I sold one twenty-five cents worth before he got his \$3.00. I had to sneak out of town best I could because I hadn't \$3.00 to give him.

The first dawn of friendship that broke the dark clouds of adversity came in December, 1879. After being kicked all over the west and south I crossed the Ohio river into Pennsylvania one fine afternoon a few days before Christmas. I had been yelling at the citizens of Harrisburg as to the good qualities of my goods until my throat was complaining and I had stopped business to rest, when a gentleman came along and made a sign, asking me if I belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic; not being a member I could not understand him, but the signal reminded me of an incident that occurred soon after the battle of Nashville, Tenn. The Colonel Williams, of Allegan, who had organized our regiment, had resigned, and we had just received a new Colonel, a brave, dashing fellow, previously mentioned. I was near the penitentiary, and recognizing our new Colonel galloping towards the city, thought I would give him a fancy salute—making exactly the same salute as this gentleman had made to me just fifteen years later, and in both instances it was to a certain extent a failure, for I did not understand the citizen of Harrisburg, neither did the Colonel appreciate my

efforts at politeness, for he stopped his horse in front of me and said in a very clear tone: "Whole hand or nothing, — you!" a favorite expression of his, and rode away. That is what this friendly salute reminded me of. Later on he explained to me the good work done by the G. A. R. I said I would join his noble order as soon as my finances would permit, but not until August 6, 1880, was I mustered into Post No. 58, Department of Pennsylvania, located at Harrisburg, — Wilson C. Fox was then Commander, and Frank B. Kinneard, Adjutant. I very soon found I had friends. Through the influence of members of the order in different cities, I got permission to sell knives on the public streets, but the everlasting inquisitives, who never needed anything I was selling, continued to inquire how, when and where I lost my feet, how did I walk with both feet off, where was I from, why did I not go to a soldiers' home, and got mad if I did not promise to go there immediately. Notwithstanding the influence of the comrades of the G. A. R. I had to pay a license; they often got it reduced for me and sometimes free. I had to spread out from 150 to 300 knives on a small space and urge the people to inspect the goods, and if they so desired they could purchase their choice for 25 cents. Five years in the business cost me \$2,000 for knives stolen and \$1,000 for license; still it don't cost a man anything to do business on the street—the merchant with \$10,000 capital does not pay as much license as the poor street salesman with less than 10,000 cents, who is trying to keep himself and family out of the almshouse,—and yet this is a free country.

The last year in the knife business is a fair sample of the treatment one must expect if he attempts to make a living in vending goods upon the street. In January, 1885, I went from Indianapolis, Ind., to Louisville, Ky., and paid all the license required for the months of January, February and March—\$5.00 per month. During the latter month, business getting dull, I made arrangements to leave, but none

too soon, for the day I left, March 12th, the State officials were looking for me. They had enforced an old law, which up to that time had been a dead letter for several years, but had I desired to remain another week I would have been liable to imprisonment if I did not pay \$100 for a State license, but fortunately I was on the Ohio river bound for Madison, Ind., when the State officers were looking for me. From Madison to several towns in the State; then to Dayton, Ohio, and was there on Memorial Day; then to Toledo, O., and from Toledo to Portland, Me. Did very little business so far. On July 4th was on Boston Commons with knives for about twenty minutes, when a man desired to examine my State license, not having so expensive a luxury, (they cost only \$50.00 to sell foreign made goods in the State of Massachusetts,) this official kindly gave me ten minutes to get out or get a license; as I had but \$10.00 I prepared to sneak, wondering if it would not be well to shoot all cripples so they would not be around to annoy those who are more fortunate; but my reverie was suddenly broken by the voice of a comrade of the G. A. R., who being a disabled Massachusetts soldier had a State license, but nothing of any account to sell; he proposed I enter into a partnership with him, but as I could see no honorable way whereby two men could be equally benefited by such a venture, declined. He took great offense at that and declared he would have me arrested because I had sold \$5.00 worth while I was open for business. He could not leave his stand and his voice was not strong enough to be heard very far, so while he was yelling police I got a young man to carry my valise to a cab, and once off the grounds was safe enough. It being impossible to do business in the State, I went to Bellows Falls, Vermont, and through that State to St. Johnsbury, then into New Hampshire, but soon got fired out of that State with their license laws, and finally got into New York State where I always found friends. Had a little skirmish one evening with a comrade at Troy

who was wealthy and thought he could bluff me off the street, failing in that he got ashamed of himself and after he had closed his store he came over to my stand and bought \$2.00 worth of knives. I went to several other cities and as the winter came on worked towards Harrisburg.

After five years' hard work and worry, I hadn't anything to show for all my labor but \$25.00, and a family to support; no feet, so I could not work in the rolling mills; could do nothing but peddle and the outlook for that was gloomy. I went to my comrade, Geo. E. Reed, and after he had listened kindly and attentively to a statement of how things were, he good naturedly said: "Comrade, there is one of two things a good American will do when he is busted, he will either write a book or take up a collection." I said the latter was no good, having tried it in Texas with a Punch and Judy show. He said he could furnish some material toward a book—which he did. He gave me his famous War Relic—"The Campaign of the Sixth Army Corps"—more than 100,000 copies had been sold during 1864-'65, at twenty-five cents per copy, and it being authentic history and without doubt the only article of the kind ever written by a private soldier while in the service, I gladly accepted his generous offer and thanked him best I could, but he was so accustomed to doing favors for others all his life he appeared to not observe that he was doing me a very great favor. Yet I don't believe more valuable history, occupying the same space, exists outside the Bible. After securing so much toward a great book I gathered the other material which it contained, and my comrade Frank B. Kinneard printed me an edition of five thousand copies on credit.

In 1891, while selling the book in St. Paul, Minn., on August 18th, a man calling himself superintendent, but I don't know exactly of what, threatened to put the police onto me and run me out of town as I had no right to go around, that I should be taken care of, etc. I told him what I thought of a man like him and

then went to the mayor, who gave me a permit to sell the book fifteen days, and it was renewed after it expired, and United States Commissioner McCafferty notified the meddlesome superintendent to leave me severely alone, which he proceeded to do. I remained in the city thirty days, did as well as the average, found some good people, got fired—that is forcibly put—out of the usual number of office buildings, stores, saloons, hotels, etc., by those fortunate people who despise a man in my fix and heap all the meanness they can think of upon him if he dares to enter their premises and ask them to buy something. The reason I don't go to the soldiers' home is that I consider my business as honorable as any other person, and that I have as much right as others to make a living—if they have a better right where did they get it? If a man has a right to hire a man to put me out of an office building when I want to see the tenants on a legitimate business, where did he get that right? When people run after me and insist that I shall get artificial limbs, I wonder if they ever insist upon a blind man getting artificial eyes.

Some real smart individuals say, when I offer them one of my books, "Oh, the war is over, and ought to be forgotten!" Indeed! and how do they know it is over when they had nothing to do with it, and why should it or one of the nation's defenders be forgotten? I don't believe they will be forgotten by good citizens, neither do I believe these puffed up sarcastic individuals could tell if asked to, when the war began or when it closed. The question as to when the war of the rebellion began and when it ended has frequently been before the Supreme Court of the United States. The war did not begin or close at the same time in all the States. The States did not all secede at the same time—there were two proclamations of intended blockade. The first on the 19th of April, 1861, embracing the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The second on the 27th of April, 1861,

embracing the States of Virginia and North Carolina. In like manner there were two proclamations declaring the war closed—one issued on the 2d day of April, 1866, embracing the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas, and the other, issued on the 20th of August, 1866, embracing the State of Texas. So the court holds that as to all the States but Virginia and North Carolina, the war began on the 19th day of April, 1861, and as to all the States but Texas it ended on the 2d day of April, 1866; technically we are bound by the decision of the court, but practically the war began the 12th of April, 1861, when Sumter was fired on. The 9th of April, 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant near Appomattox Court House. Other queer people claim that as I was a Michigan soldier I should remain in my native State. Indeed! But they don't hesitate to sell their goods in other States than their own. Michigan men were in all the Army Corps—Michigan men met the enemy in eight hundred engagements, and as many Michigan men fell at Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania Court House, and all the great battles, as from any other State, in proportion to the number engaged, showing they were in the front as reliable men; and at the surrender of Lee the officers passed through the lines at a point where Michigan men held the skirmish line; and Michigan men captured Jeff Davis. Michigan men put down the rebellion with the assistance of the balance of the army.

When I first came home from the war I was very proud of having served my country, but I was soon taught to not mention the fact by some sneak who was too cowardly to go himself and too mean to pay a substitute, and who would in-

quire of me how much bounty I got, as though it was a disgraceful thing to have been in the army at all, and a still bigger disgrace to have accepted any pay or bounty for such disgraceful service; and ever since I have been a member of the G. A. R., this same class of citizens have been chasing me about to inquire how much pension I receive, as though an old soldier must carry on his breast a bulletin stating in large type how much pension he draws and how much cash he has on hand—and if a cripple, he must state how he became disabled, and must at all times be cheerful and full of information for the benefit of those who are too busy minding the business of others to attend to any business of their own. I have found by experience that in order to make a living I must sell something that does not conflict with the business of other people, and I must sell my goods at a very low price, because a great many deprecate the value of any article of merchandise sold by a cripple, because cripples, in their estimation, are mere beggars, have no capacity to do business, and must depend upon charity. Others are afraid to patronize a cripple for fear he will make bad use of his money.

I started with sixty-five cents worth of lead pencils on the 23d day of June, 1874. Have paid hundreds of dollars for license, and never paid a license in my life but the man who took my money said he was sorry for me—was he sorry I had a dollar left he could not get.

That, dear reader, is real life on three sticks and no fiction.

Should you wish to obtain any further copies of this book you can do so by addressing me at my residence as given below, with an enclosure of ten cents for each copy desired.

Sincerely yours,

P. O. address—

620 Delaware Avenue,

HARRISBURG, PA.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Charles L. Cummings". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name and address.

CAMPAIGN OF THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS, SUMMER OF 1863.

[The verses here given were written by George E. Reed, while in the army as a private in Company A, Ninety-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, attached to the Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps. In the introduction to the work this statement is made: "The following pages are intended to convey to the public a knowledge of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac during the summer of 1863. In order to accomplish this end, and at the same time tell the story in as concise a manner as possible, the author has pursued an entirely different course to that hitherto adopted by writers on the same subject. In this respect the work will be found original, but in all others he claims no further merit than is deserved for a careful compilation of facts from his own observation."]

On the 28th of April we left our camp,
By way of exercise to take a tramp;
To the Rappahannock River we sped away,
To find the Rebel Army in battle array.

No sooner there than we espied
Our enemy beyond the river's tide,
Snugly stationed in their rifle pits,
Already prepared to give us fits.

We had to cross the river, without doubt,
Which General Sedgwick soon found out.
He had the pontoons hauled to the river bank
And soon they were filled with many a Yank.

General Brooks soon gave the word to start,
The engineers pulled the boats very smart;
To the middle of the river we had got
Without the Rebels firing a shot.

The sentry then, on the opposite shore,
Espied the boats, some forty or more,
Whereupon he fired his gun,
Then up the hill he quickly run,

To alarm the men in the rifle pits,
Who were almost scared out of their wits;
They fired one volley and quickly run,
Strewing the ground with many a gun.

Then our skirmishers advanced with caution,
Thinking they might be acting the 'possum,
And after the rifle pits we had gained,
We found that three men had been maimed.

Once over the river and upon the plain,
We would not be drove back again.
On the plain we rested full one day,
To arrange the lines in battle array.

Next morning clear, and by sunrise
The booming cannon rent the skies.
The firing of the signal gun
Proclaimed the work of death begun.

Soon our starry banners were in the town
Of Fredericksburg, of battle renown.
The city was taken with a shout,
And the Confederates put to rout.

They fled out of the city and up the hill,
Boasting many Yankees they would kill.
Soon they were in their rifle pits,
Fully prepared the Yankees to whip.

Our General soon he made a decision,
And ordered up the Flying Division;
They went up the hill with a shout,
And captured a battery in a redoubt.

It was the Washington Battery of New Orleans
And as fine a one as ever was seen.
The artillerists were a picked crew,
And had to surrender, all but a few,

Who escaped up the Orange plank-road,—
And to see them go without a goad,
Except a few Yankees in the road,
Who did enforce the martial code.

When we reached the top of the hill,
Orders were given our canteens to fill;
This was done in very short time,
And we all again fell into line.

The Confederates continued falling back,
While Federals followed close in their track,
Until we reached a clump of pines,
When there was a stoppage in the lines.

This was caused by a dead artillery horse,
And to remove him we had, of course.
Which was done in a very short time,
And we again advanced in line.

Until we came to Salem Church near
We did not hear the Rebels cheer;
Our skirmishers then were advancing slow,
As this part of the country they didn't know.

Up to this time we had it our way,
But we came on the Rebs. who in ambush lay,
And they sent volley after volley into our line,
Killing and wounding many in a short time.

A flanking fire had broke our line,
And we had to fall back in double-quick time;
This we did with severe loss,
As we had a very large field to cross.

The Confederates close at our heels,
Thinking to skin us like so many "eels."
Until we reached our supporting line
Things to the Rebels looked very fine.

Our second line stood like statues of stone,
And many a Rebel was cut to the bone.
The enemy then they broke and run,
This to our second line was fine "fun."

The Rebels then all made for cover,
And the fighting of the day was over,
Some laid down on the ground to sleep,
While others laid there in grief to weep.

The moon came out and shone very bright,
And the battle-field was a ghastly sight.
To remove the wounded was our intent,
And quickly out details were sent.

We removed alike both friend and foe,
As this is a christian country, you know;
The wounded we sent to the ambulance train
And then we returned to sleep again.

We awoke in the morning, the sky was clear,
And the enemy's lines were very near,
Their sharpshooters often firing a shot;
Our skirmishers kept cool and answered not.

In this position in the hot sun all day we lay,
The Rebs. in front began a brass band to play,
The music from it sounded very fine,
And General Lee was arranging his line.

To capture the Sixth Corps he made his brag,
As he thought he had us all in a "bag;"
We had seen this bagging process before,
And the one he had was awfully tore.

The sun had set nice and clear,
And then we heard firing in our rear,
Then orders were passed along the line
To sling our knapsacks in a short time.

This was done all very quiet,
And to make the river we had to try it;
When we started it was double-quick
Over fences and through a creek.

At last we reached Rappahannock's bank,
And there laid down many a tired Yank.
We laid there until morning—it began to rain,
Which caused the men to curse and complain.

At daylight we crossed to Stafford Heights,
All very tired after several days' fights;
We laid there two days in the woods,
And having this rest we felt pretty good.

During this week many died for freedom's
Supporting the country and the laws. [cause;
Peace to the ashes of the fallen brave

Who died our government to save.
We left Stafford Heights one morning clear,
And to White Oak Church our course did steer
Here long we reached our old camp,
But we had just one mile further to tramp.

At last we came to the end of our race,
And in the cabins our things did place;
'Twas the Thirty-third New York's old camp,
And thus was ended our first tramp.

In this place we lived like fighting cocks,
We even had basins made of wooden blocks;
Every cabin had a good place for fire,
And about nine o'clock we would retire.

At this place two weeks we staid,
Then was transferred to another brigade;
This caused us to move the camp further south
And all of the boys were down in the mouth.

Our new camp reached in a field of green,
As fine a place as ever was seen,
On each side of the street was a row of trees,
And the Sixth Corps mark waved in the breeze

At this place sixteen days we staid,
Until Lee thought Hooker he would evade,
And into Pennsylvania make a raid,
As his cavalry horses were pretty well played.

General Kilpatrick with his cavalry was sent,
To find out Lee's movements was his intent;
He came up with Stuart at Brandy Station,
And whipped him there like damnation.

Here Kilpatrick showed up Lee's plan,
And General Hooker did it carefully scan;
The Sixth Corps was ordered to the river,
Which made the Confeds. shake and quiver.

We crossed the river under a heavy fire,
And captured the Second Florida entire;
This was done one fine afternoon,
And we throwed up two redoubts very soon.

Which was done just for a blind,
As to fight both parties declined;
We laid on the plain three days or more,
And then returned to the northern shore.

We left one night in a heavy rain
And for Potomac creek did aim;
We arrived at the creek at break of day,
And on its banks all day did stay.

The enemy crossed after us very soon,
As we could see from our balloon;
We started from here at eight at night,
For Stafford Court House with all our might.

As for the Confederates we were not afraid,
But the Surgeon's mule he made a raid,
Running around wherever he choose,
And broke the ribs of a man named Hughes.

When we arrived there we began to tire,
And some rascals set the jail on fire—
The flames from it made the sky very bright,
And about some crackers there was a fight.

We had one hour given us for ease,
And then started for Dumfries;
This day was the hottest, so far, this year,
And many men were sun-struck, near.

We halted three hours, near by a creek,
For the men to rest, and to attend the sick;
And then we started, with a pleasant breeze,
And about six o'clock arrived at Dumfries.

The sick soon came following after,
And their marching caused some laughter—
Staggering under knapsacks, every one,
That they carried in the sun.

We got our supper and laid down to sleep,
And ugly bugs over us did creep;
We were up next morning at break of day,
And for Fairfax Station started on our way.

We arrived at four o'clock near the station,
And the next day had a jollification—
Whisky was plenty and some got drunk,
One man had his cartridge box on left in front.

Some of the men got so tight
That among themselves they began to fight;
This lasted all day until near night,
And they presented a comical sight.

We then packed up, and all fell in line,
With orders from our General to move at nine;
We started then for Germantown,
A place near Fairfax of famed renown.

We arrived at last in some shady woods,
And got well supplied with sutler's goods;
We laid here seven days, I don't think eight,
And then were ordered to another State.

The night we started it very hard did rain,
Which caused trouble to a regt. from Maine—
They packed up and went to the station,
As heavy firing was heard without cessation.

After marching all night to this position,
They found niggers blowing up ammunition;
So, in the morning, they returned to camp,
Very much dissatisfied with their tramp.

When they returned we were all in line,
The rain still coming down very fine;
We started out, with arms at will,
Until we came to Drainesville,

Where we encamped on the side of a hill,
But as for mud we had our fill;
To dry our clothes was our desire,
And so we built a very large fire.

Next morning we awoke feeling very merry,
And then we started for Edward's Ferry;
We arrived there early in the afternoon,
And we crossed the Potomac very soon.

We crossed the river on a pontoon bridge,
And encamped for the night on a high ridge;
Next morning for Hyattstown we did stray,
Passing through Barnesville on our way.

We reached Hyattstown at near sundown,
And encamped about one mile from town;
Next morning in a drizzling rain,
We started on our march again.

New Market passed, and Ridgeville,
The column kept on marching still;
Mount Airy next was on our line,
The corps, to here, had made good time.

Julesburg, then, was almost in sight,
Where we stopped in the woods all night;
Next morning as we laid on the ground,
The country people came flocking around.

To see Potomac's army they were bound,
And hand provisions to the soldiers around;
The ladies here, they done their best,
To relieve the soldiers who were distressed.

And when in the village passing by,
They viewed the soldiers with a pitying eye;
This village was Union to the core,
And boasted of having a grocery store.

We left this place in the morning fine,
And arrived at Westminster at dinner time;
On this place General Stuart had made a raid,
And the inhabitants were very much afraid.

Even the ladies here were full of fears,
But they gave each passing regiment cheers;
Our band was put at the head of the line,
And played some airs that were very fine.

We halted here till each man eat his fill,
And then we started for Bixler's Mill;
At the mill we remained one day and night,
And there seemed some prospects of a fight.

We left this mill at night, with all speed,
Under our new commander, General Meade;
Ont a road we marched until nearly dawn,
And then found out that we were wrong.

The column halted and we all laid down
On the turnpike leading to Littlestown;
When we arose, very much refreshed,
For Gettysburg we marched our best.

We passed Point Pleasant on our way,
Stopping beyond, just for a short stay;
Of a breakfast here I would like to relate,
But we lost it just on the line of the State.

The way was this: We stopped to partake
Of a meal they said we'd have time to make;
This was all our hearts could desire,
But we had to start again after lighting a fire.

So again we started, all weary and tired,
But our hearts with patriotism were fired;
We stopped long enough our dinner to make,
And when near Gettysburg the day was late.

Just thirty-seven miles we came this day,
To meet the enemy in battle array;
We rested half an hour on a hill,
And then went in some Rebels to kill.

We were then sent to support the Fifth Corps,
Who were fighting twenty thousand or more;
At it we went with a hearty good will,
The cheer of the corps was loud and shrill.

We grove them from behind their stone walls,
Amidst showers of bullets and cannon balls;
One division was sent to the right,
To assist the Twelfth Corps in the fight.

This was done on the second day of July,
And caused many an enemy to bleed and die;
Near too was our own glorious Fourth,
Which brought sorrow and joy to the North.

It rained full two days while at this wall,
The drum corps was unable to beat sick call;
We advanced on the enemy in the morning
To try and discover signs of retreat. [fleet,

On the head of the line they soon opened fire
And our brigade then soon did retire;
But next morning early, at the break of day,
We discovered the Rebels had all run away.

In pursuit the Sixth Corps did quickly go,
And the marching done was by no means slow
Over the battle-field our course we bent,
And skirmishers out were very soon sent.

The field presented a heart-rending sight,
To see so many killed and wounded outright;
We went on until a large barn we did find,
Filled with wounded and in flight left behind.

We kept after the Rebels as a matter of course,
Until we came to a tavern called Black Horse;
Here they had left some thousand or more,
Of their companions-in-arms bleeding in gore.

It was here we crossed a very large creek,
Where Reb. ambulances in the mud did stick;
We kept on in the mud until near night,
Then found our advance engaged in a fight.

We had caught up with the Rebels' rear,
Then all of the boys gave a hearty cheer;
Their wagon train in the gap we did spy,
And our artillery at it quickly let fly.

All this was done in a very short time,
And brigades advanced in battle line;
This being done, it was very near night,
And we all felt pretty tired after the fight.

We advanced in the wood and there laid down
About one mile from Fairfield town;
We laid at this place one night and day,
Then after the Rebels we sped our way.

To Emmitsburg we shaped our course.
After the defeated, fleeing Rebel force;
The city was reached after some delay,
As the roads were miserable all the way.

Beyond the city we arrived at last,
And bivouacked in a large field of grass;
We laid down here, and it began to rain,
While waiting for our supply train.

The train came up, we got our tack,
And the weight of our haversacks cut our back.
The crackers we got were numeratively few,
Some said six, but the most said two.

We got our supplies, and then we did sally
Down the beautiful Catoctin Valley;
Along it we went at a rapid rate—
The handsomest part of Maryland State.

The ladies, how beautiful! God bless the fair!
Lined the road and sang many a patriotic air;
Some waved flags, while others sang,
All looking out for the handsomest man.

To hand us water was their ardent desire,
The weight of haversacks made us perspire;
We came to Catoctin Furnace that afternoon,
And out of it popped a jolly old coon.

He told us his occupation was heavy clerk;
We talked with him and from his vest did jerk
A plug of tobacco, which we all gave a flirt,
He got the balance—our feelings were hurt.

We left this place after thirty minutes rest,
And marched to Middletown, doing our best;
It then became very late in the afternoon,
And we had to cross South Mountain soon.

We came to Newman's Cut just at dusk,
And over that night march we must;
As we started to cross it began to rain,
Which caused many of sickness to complain.

We reached the top in the middle of the night
And laid down in a horrible plight;
We staid there until next morning came,
Then started off 'midst mud and rain.

On the road we came the mud was knee deep,
But on our course to Middletown we did keep,
Until we came to a very fine creek,
Where we halted and washed our feet.

Near Middletown, all shivering and shaking,
Is where we heard Vicksburg was taken;
This caused much joy throughout the corps,
We then got four days rations more.

We laid near the town all that night,
And then heard tell of a cavalry fight
'That occurred at Boonsboro', not far away—
Thither our corps was ordered next day.

We arose in the morning, after a good sleep,
Cooked our breakfast—we had plenty to eat—
Out on the turnpike our corps soon did get,
Where we saw some flying artillery upset.

This was done on the day before.
Our cavalry captured eighty Rebels or more;
Over the mountain and down a hollow,
The Eleventh Corps we did quickly follow,

Until we came to the centre of the town,
Turned off to the right and on a hill laid down;
This we done in strong line of battle,
As musketry in front so loud did rattle.

We laid here until the next day,
Then the firing appeared to be far away;
We left this hill at break of day
And started for Funkstown, five miles away.

And when we reached near Antietam Creek,
Obstacles in front of us there we did stick;
We left the turnpike and went into a field,
Laid down behind a knoll, ourselves to shield

Here we supported a section of battery,
And done it quite easy, without any flattery;
We laid here one night and day,
Driving by degrees the Confederates away.

Next night on picket we were sent,
With cheerful hearts our steps we bent;
We relieved the posts along the whole line,
And reached a pleasant grove at supper time.

We did not remain here long in suspense,
As a man hurt his ankle getting over a fence,
So back we came through fields of wheat,
Then cooked supper and set down to eat.

This we done in high old fashion,
Details went full two miles for rations;
After taking our supper we laid down to sleep
In a large field covered with wheat.

We arose in the morning feeling gay,
And after the Confederates sped our way,
Passing through Funkstown we then did spy
A hospital filled with their wounded near by.

This was a most pitiful but common sight,
To see their wounded left behind in the flight;
We passed thro' the town at ten in the morn;
I heard an old miller say they stole his corn.

And then they made good use of his mill,
For they had encamped just beyond on a hill.
Between town and hill Antietam creek flowed
Where their rifle pits commanded the road.

In the rifle pits they did not long stay,
But marched to Hagerstown, two miles away.
We crossed the creek and went up a hill,
Where the corps was handled with great skill.

Regiments deployed on each side of the road,
And batteries in position the Rebels to goad,
Skirmishers sent out at the head of the line,
And with the Confederates expected a shine.

Our cavalry all the time closing in on the right
And at Hagerstown had a very hard fight;
They charged the city, as every one knows,
And captured many of our Rebel foes.

Our corps then marched to left of the town,
The rain in torrents came pouring down,
We still marched on in battle line,
For about an hour or perhaps less time.

We had not gone far before we did spy
Some Rebel skirmishers in a field of rye;
Skirmishers of our corps were then sent out,
And they very soon put the Rebels to rout.

Advancing to the crest of the hill,
Soon they gave the Rebels their fill;
This being done it was very near night,
And darkness put an end to the fight.

Our line remained the same next day,
In front of the Rebels in battle array;
At night it began very hard to rain,
And in the morning they had flown.

When we discovered it after them we went,
Passing through wheat fields we got wet,
This caused us very much to shiver,
Until we arrived at Williamsport on the river,

Where they had crossed two hours before,
And then were on the Virginia shore;
At Williamsport reinforcements came,
From West Virginia, through mud and rain.

They came about two hours too late,
To drive the Rebels from Maryland State;
They crossed the ford right at the town,
The river being high, caused many to drown.

Some of their wagons in the river we spied,
The tops of them just above the tide;
Our corps marched to the right of the town,
We went up a hill and there laid down

For the night, as we all felt very tired,
And sleep and rest we all required.
We arose in the morning after a good sleep,
And after the Rebels right lively did keep.

We kept on marching but had no fight,
And when at Boonsboro' it was near night,
Close to the village a fine creek we found,
In which to take a swim all were bound.

To take a swim was all our desire,
As the marching we had made us perspire,
We were all dirty, dusty and tired,
And a very good wash we all required.

Then passed through Middletown on our way,
And arrived near Berlin, after some delay;
We laid at this place on a very high hill,
And the boys made a dash on a sutler's till,

Getting his nickels, which were but a few,
Also his condensed milk, and peaches too.
Next morning over the river we started,
Us and our Maryland very soon parted.

We passed through Lovettsville on our way,
On the afternoon of one fine Sunday;
The visitors here displayed the Starry Flag,
And the corps on it three rousing cheers had.

The men had on Bell-crowned Hats,
Claw-hammer Coats and White Cravats.
We kept on marching until near dusk,
As for sleeping and eating, of course, we must

We bivouacked here in a field for the night,
And burned a large barn for one Mr. Bright;
This man was a Rebel, so all did say,
He used to supply the guerillas with hay.

We laid at this place two nights and one day,
Then started for a place some distance away.
We halted that evening near a stone bridge,
And encamped for the night on a high ridge.

Next morning we started on our march again,
And about ten o'clock arrived at White Plain;
At this place one night and day we stayed,
The weather being hot while here we laid.

Some men after berries were captured near
By Mosby's guerillas, hovering in our rear;
We left this place just at coming night,
For New Baltimore marched with all might.

We arrived at it near the break of day,
And in a large field five hours did stay;
For Warrenton then we made our way,
And arrived at it after some delay.

The delay was caused by a swollen creek,
And some of the men in it did almost stick;
We marched right on, beyond the town,
Into a clover field, and there laid down.

In this field one day we staid,
Then orders came to move our brigade
A little further to the right of the town,
Where the citizens on us cast many a frown.

We encamped at this place one week or more,
Then was ordered back to New Baltimore.
We started for it one evening so gay,
And our brass band some fine airs did play.

Each drum corps beat with all their might
As the column marched out the turnpike.
We arrived at this place at twelve at night,
And laid on the grass five hours quite.

Our breakfast we relished after this tramp,
And about ten o'clock went into camp;
Near a fine woods, with plenty of shade,
Snugly ensconced was our brigade.

We here had to guard Thoroughfare Gap,
Wash, eat, lay down, and take a nap.
One fine moonlight night, at this place,
The guerillas thought the brigade to disgrace.

To capture our Brigadier was their lay,
And carry him and his staff away
To Richmond, as Stoughton they took before,
But they missed their mark and felt very sore.

For the General turned out and made fight,
Along with his staff, who soon put to flight
The guerillas who came there that night,
And where scared out of their wits, quite.

We encamped at this place some forty days,
Amusing ourselves in various ways;
The officers had just completed a race track;
Half a mile from starting point and back.

They had not time to try one steed,
As orders to move came from General Meade;
The day we started we had inspection,
And our brigade passed without objection.

In the afternoon orders came to march,
Citizens came to camp and for grub did search
We left this place just at sundown,
And at nine o'clock reached Warrentown,

Where we bivouacked until morning came,
Then started on our march again.
For Culpepper Court House made our way,
Passing White Sulphur Springs on this day,

Which was once a famous summer resort,
And took the change of many a sport;
Was also visited by many a southern belle,
And no doubt paid the proprietor well.

The buildings were very much dilapidated,
And this property was all confiscated.
Here we crossed the Rappahannock river
On a corduroy bridge, which much did quiver

We kept on marching with all our might,
And came near Culpepper late at night,
Where we laid down on the side of a hill,
The night being cool we had many a chill.

We arose in the morning and marched again,
Some distance, through a drizzling rain,
To a place on the Sperryville pike,
Without any prospects of a fight.

We went into a wood and there encamped,
Very tired after a twenty-three mile tramp,
And here remained four days, I think, quite,
Then removed our camp east of the pike.

At this new camp all things were gay,
Old Jonah his violin did play—
In the woods we had a good dancing floor,
To accommodate some three sets or more.

One night at a dance there was a jollification,
When Bitters were drank without hesitation,
And one and all were jolly and frisky,
As some of the boys made a raid on whisky.

It was put up in boxes, as you must know,
And when the boys got it, quickly it did go;
Men were seen running around with a bottle,
Asking their friends to wet their throttle.

Some got drunk, now I must be frank,
So much so they could not find their camp;
Every one to please his friends done his best,
And one whole company was put under arrest

This did not last long, as you must know,
As orders came to the Rapidan to go;
We started for it one Monday fine,
And passed several corps in battle line.

We marched thro' Culpepper with solid tread,
A "Sesesh" from a window stuck her head,
She cursed the Yanks and wished them dead,
And the boys yelled "Dry up, go to bed."

This woman was rank as "any other man."
About three o'clock we reached the Rapidan;
Our corps went here the Second to relieve,
Who took the place of cavalry, I believe.

The night we arrived here I heard a man say,
A captain was murdered by name of McKay;
He was shot while going to his tent at night,
Supposed by a conscript, just out of spite.

Next morning as his body laid on the ground,
All of his company were summoned around,
To see if the murderer could be found out,
As he was in the company there is no doubt.

The oath they took was made this way:
Their right hand on his body they did lay,
Then in the other they took the Holy Book,
And some of them with a tremor shook,

But the murderer could not be found;
He was in the regiment, I'll be bound.
We picketed the river full one week,
Then Lee from Meade thought he'd escape.

He tried to turn Meade's right flank,
While we laid on the Rapidan's bank;
We left at eight o'clock on Saturday night,
For Culpepper Court House with all might.

Where we arrived about daylight,
Without any prospects of a fight;
For here we rested and eat our fill,
Just outside of the town, on a hill.

At ten we started for Rappahannock Station,
And before sundown was at our destination.
Here we encamped in a piece of wood,
Had a very sound sleep and felt very good.

We laid at this place most of next day,
Then recrossed the river in battle array,
When we advanced as far as Brandy Station,
Our cavalry driving them without moderation

We advanced to the Station in line of battle,
The firing of carbines in front loud did rattle,
And the enemy here were drove out of sight,
Darkness coming on put an end to the fight.

We stopped in the woods and supper cooked,
The sky from our fires very bright looked.
At this place we stayed five hours near,
Then left, as the Confeds. we did not fear.

We then marched to Rappahannock Station;
And from the Rebs. met with no molestation;
So over the river we did quickly retire,
And at daylight set the bridge on fire.

This was a grand and splendid sight,
To see this structure in one blaze of light;
We then marched to Bealton Station,
The Potomac Army—Pride of the Nation.

Here we halted, just for a short time,
To rest ourselves, then again fell in line;
The buildings at this place were set on fire,
And burned to the ground as we did retire.

Remember, the Rebels here we did not fear,
As our cavalry was in our rear;
At Warrenton Junction we halted in a wood,
Drew four days' rations; they came very good.

We stopped here four hours for a rest,
Then for Bristoe Station marched our best,
Where we arrived, very tired and sore,
As the miles we came were just twenty-four.

We laid down here, in a field, for the night,
And arose in the morning at daylight,
Having enjoyed a good night's sleep,
Cooked our breakfast and a hearty meal eat.

We marched on to Manassas, then did hear
Heavy firing, it appeared to be in our rear;
'Twas the Second Corps with Rebs. engaged,
They killed many and five hundred caged.

They thought here to capture our supply train
But the brave Warren to them spoke plain;
He placed a line of battle in the railroad cut,
Which annihilated the Rebels, all but.

This was all done without being seen
By the Rebels, who thought it very mean.
From their artillery they had to quickly retire
As on it our men kept such a murderous fire.

They ran from their pieces which were four,
And they were captured by the Second Corps;
Ten men from each regiment were detailed
To drag off the pieces which the Rebs. failed.

We kept on marching for Centreville,
Where we halted on top of a large hill;
Here we thought that we would stay,
But orders came to move away.

Just at dark we started for Chantilly,
The country to this place being mighty hilly;
This was a short march, but very fast,
For we arrived at about ten, half past.

We laid in a field the balance of the night,
And in the morning moved across the pike;
This was done in line of battle,
And our men did charge and kill some cattle.

Then details were sent to cut down trees,
While others threw up rifle pits at their ease;
This being done, we laid down for the night,
But next day had some prospects of a fight.

In the afternoon, four, I think, was the time,
There was some firing on the picket line;
This caused a stir throughout the camp,
The pickets, alone, made the Rebs. decamp.

They were guerillas, but numeratively few,
With nothing to steal wanted something to do;
Next day was Sunday, the weather clear,
But our corps was doomed not to stop here.

On Monday we started on our march again,
One man with sickness, did complain
Of his ankle, the day before he did sprain,
And wanted to ride in the ambulance train.

To get along he tried with all his might,
For the Surgeon said there would be a sight,
That was providing there was no fight,
To ride in the ambulance until night.

We marched this day up to Gainesville,
And of persimmons eat our fill;
In a field we stopped, near the railroad station
As we heard firing in front, without cessation.

Rebs. were disputing the passage of the Gap,
So we laid in line of battle, and took a nap;
We arose in the morning, just at four,
And started off for New Baltimore.

Passing along the road to Buckland Mills,
We had to climb some very high hills,
And when we got near New Baltimore,
Some cavalrymen we seen—killed day before.

All of them stripped of their uniforms quite,
And they presented a most horrible sight;
We arrived at New Baltimore that afternoon,
And stacked our arms on a hill very soon.

Some of the men laid down to sleep,
While most of them went out to kill sheep;
They belonged to a Rebel named Moorhead,
But the men did not stop until all were dead.

Then some of the boys did quickly see
Some hogs belonging to a Rebel, Mr. Ogelsby.
They also fared the fate of the sheep,
Then we all sat down and commenced to eat.

Our supper we had hardly got done,
When orders came to move to Warrenton.
Where we marched off to the right of the town
And some men a building began to tear down.

Then a man named Duffee soon hove in sight
And put the would-be carpenters to flight;
His appointment is inspector of the corps,
He said of boards they should take no more.

We remained here 'til the following Sunday,
It would have been as well to move Monday;
This was done on account of scarcity of wood.
The camp that was picked out was very good.

Our tents we pitched in a place so fine,
And remained here but eleven days' time;
While we laid here in this piece of woods,
Details were made to unload goods

Close by, down at the railroad station,
And while there we had a jollification;
The Sutler's goods came up on a supply train
And his Plantation Bitters the boys did drain.

Doing here pretty much as we pleased;
News got around that the Sutler lost a cheese.
That soldiers are honest, you cannot deny,
But bitters and cheese they knocked sky-high

Next day our boys were all relieved,
And the Sutler said he firmly believed
The detail took all the bitters and cheese,
And done with them just what they pleased.

The morning we left this camp it was said,
That Mosby on our train made a raid.
And captured mules, in number seventy-five,
But the guard to the emergency was alive;

Who recaptured them all but four or five,
Which the guerillas to keep, hard did strive;
To them this was a very poor raid,
And I do not hardly think it paid.

Then to Rappahannock Station we did go,
And met some of Ewell's Corps, our old foe;
Skirmishers from our division were sent out,
Who drove them back into their redoubts.

Brigades then advanced in line of battle,
As skirmishing in front so loud did rattle;
Some regiments got ready to make a charge
Over a field in front, which was very large,

To their rifle pits down at the river near,
And to stick their heads above they did fear;
This being done it was quite near night,
And the sun on our bayonets it shone bright.

The columns advanced to the rifle pits near,
Then all of the men gave a hearty cheer.
When the "Charge" was heard above the din
You ought to have seen the Sixth Corps go in.

To the breastworks we did quickly go,
Capturing many of the Confederate foe,
Who did surrender, and nothing shorter,
After fighting about two hours and a quarter.

They had a pontoon bridge in their rear,
And for it some of our regiments did steer;
Having gained this there was no fear
Of the balance of the brigades getting clear.

Their guns they strewed promiscuously around
And to throw them in the river were bound,
But this our men very soon put to a stop,
For those engaged in it were quickly shot.

The prisoners looked like Falstaff's recruits,
And were almost scared out of their boots;
Some were glad at prisoners being taken,
Others complained of their heads aching.

Thirteen hundred prisoners taken this day,
And not very dear for them did we pay;
Muskets to the number of eighteen hundred
We captured; also, artillery which thundered

On our devoted division while the fight lasted
And many a man's hopes here were blasted;
They also lowered to us eight battle flags,
Men never looked on such detestable rags.

The ground red, stars white, and bars blue,
Such were the banners of this traitorous crew;
Next afternoon over the river we did go,
Passing a great many cabins of our Rebel foe,

Which were plastered with mud, very tight—
These they occupied before the last fight;
Some of them were not quite all done,
But we made good use of every one.

We moved our camp to the extreme right,
With the Hazel river fully in sight;
Here I went on guard at a flour mill,
And often of slap-jacks I would eat my fill.

I awoke one morning, as you must know,
When I found out my cakes were all dough,
For we left this morning just at six,
And by night found ourselves in a fix.

This was caused by the sticking of our train,
As the roads were muddy from a former rain;
We worked hard and large logs carried,
And about five hours here we tarried.

We kept on marching to the Rapidan,
All as mad as the devil, or "any other man;"
We stopped at night in a woods on a hill,
About one mile from Germania Mill.

We arose next morning, it was pretty cold,
And soon crossed the river, all very bold;
We stopped close to the bank, on a high hill,
Where many a man had a heavy chill.

Then here we remained until near night,
Then found our advance engaged in a fight;
This was Gen. French's gallant Third Corps,
So we had to march to their succor.

We went into a woods, then out in a field,
And built a breastwork, ourselves in a fight;
As the lines in front had quite a lively fight,
Which was stopped by the coming of night.

After we had lain some four hours here,
For Robertson's tavern we went in good cheer
We did not go here to get something to drink,
That for a moment I don't want you to think.

But we went there the Confederates to fight,
And when our corps arrived it was daylight;
When we sat down our breakfast to eat,
Then after the Rebels we all did keep.

We kept on marching down the turnpike,
When the advance of the line was in a fight;
At this time it commenced very hard to rain,
Which caused some of sickness to complain.

We then marched off in a very large wood,
And in the rain some four hours we stood;
Then all inverted our arms in the ground,
While the Rebs. in front were in plenty found.

They kept up a very strong skirmish line,
Rain still coming down all the time;
The right of our regiment rested on a creek,
And a bridge we built over it very quick.

This was done to connect our line,
And was completed before supper time;
Next day was Sunday, and bitter cold,
The Rebels in front showing themselves bold.

We left this place at one o'clock at night,
And marched some distance to the right,
Where we soon prepared the Rebels to fight;
Unslung our knapsacks to make us light.

Then the pioneers did them all guard,
And we carried nothing our steps to retard;
To make a charge was our intent,
But before we done it some men were sent

Out front to take a view of the ground,
Who soon returned and said they found
A mill-race there, five feet deep. [sleep.
Had we charged many now in death would

As it was the cold weather we much did feel,
The water all day in the sun did congeal;
We laid in the woods without any fire,
And from here at dusk we did retire

To our old position we had left before,
All feeling very cold and sore.
We laid here all the next day,
Until it came night, then started away

Again to cross the Rapidan river,
The night being cold we all did shiver;
We recrossed the river just at daylight,
The frost on the ground showed very white.

Here on a plank road we marched to a mill,
Then halted and of breakfast eat a small fill;
We started, went two miles, stopped again,
And in a fine woods all day did remain.

This we done in battle line,
Feeling hungry all the time;
After this we started for Brandy Station,
To which place we marched with moderation.

Having arrived here we did find
Some of the Third Corps, who were kind
Enough to give us some of their tack,
As they from the Rapidan were just back.

We kept on marching to our old camp,
And thus ended our fall and winter tramp;
Having laid here quiet just four days,
We then moved our camp a little ways,

Over the Hazel river, in a fine wood,
Where we put up cabins very good;
We plastered them up with mud and moss,
I tell you we lived good in them, "Old Hoss."

We have two bunks in our room, you know,
Space for three above and as many below;
Whipple, Doyle and Phipps in the one above,
And the ones below they as soldiers love,

Which is Buck, Old Man, and Little Dan,
Thro' the winter will keep warm if they can;
We have re-enlisted in the Sixth Corps,
To serve our country three years more.

WAR TIME MEMORIES.

A WRITER in the *Richmond Dispatch* thus vividly refreshes many memories of the southern people as to the "hard times and worse-a-coming" in the dark days of the war. He says:

Our children can never know what all endured in the army and out in that desperate struggle. I met one of Polk Miller's old-time darkies on one of our village streets a few days ago. He touched his hat and said "Sarvant, Marster, is dis here de tavern?" I pointed to the hotel, and felt my hand reaching for a quarter to pay the old man for asking me the question. They could always ask questions, but never could answer them, especially as to distances. During the war I rode horseback from Richmond to Liberty, asking the way of every negro I met, and never got an answer that was worth a cent. They always gave as an answer "Tain't fur," and then, on close questioning, would say "Bout ten mile."

I would ask another, after riding five or six miles, how far the same place was, and he would say "Bout eleben mile." On approaching Farmville I wanted to spend the night with some friends at "Scott Green." and a negro told me with great emphasis, "Yes, sar, jes' one mile dis side of Farmville you turns off to your lef' han'." "But," said I, "how am I to know when I am at a point one mile this side of Farmville." "Dat's so," he said, as he took in the situation, with a scratch of the head, a puzzled look, and a humorous grin at his involuntary joke.

In those days I had a penchant for hunting, but shot were not to be had. After the battles around Richmond we could collect or buy from the negroes lots of old bullets, melt them down and exchange the lead for imported powder at the ordnance department in Richmond, but they kept no bird shot there. Dr. Gaines, at whose splendid home I lived, had a blacksmith shop at his famous "mill." It was here my inventive genius came into play.

Hammering out my lead into long, narrow bars, I would hold this into a conical shaped hole in one end of an iron rod, heated red-hot, and held over a pan of water. The shot would vary in size and shape, but many a bird, squirrel, and "old hyar" bit the dust under such murderous slugs.

While discussing the merits of water-gas, and coal-gas, and electricity, how about those Confederate lights, which some of us shall never forget? The dimmest, most trying, and yet most unique, whose glow-worm faintness still twinkles in my memory, was made of beeswax. A common cotton thread was used as wick. With one end tied to a chair, the housewife, with dainty fingers, would manipulate the melted wax into a small, continuous taper the size of her little finger, and from ten to twelve feet long. This was coiled around a central upright staff of wood, fastened in a wooden dish. The wax candle was run through a tin holder, movably fixed to the top of the standard, and this was turned by the hand,

or the candle burned rapidly away. It was a regular eye-opener, for if you read too closely and forgot to keep your eye on your candle you would soon answer that old conundrum, "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

Mrs. Gaines was a woman of infinite resources, of which all inmates of the family were constantly reminded. After a sufficient time had elapsed to distinguish the multitudinous smells from the battle-field, she struck a bonanza in the shape of "tallow" buried near the slaughter pens of the Federal army. She had some of it dug up and made it into Confederate candles. But was it Coleridge who wanted to know what would wash out the numberless smells of the city of Cologne?

The waters of the Chickahominy were not very pure after the battles, but Abana and Pharpar combined could not have cleansed that double-action, combination smell from those Yankee camps and candles. She then traded the tallow to the soapmakers.

Do any of your old readers remember our Hanover poet, Capt. Richard Johnson, who had such beautiful terraces and flow-

ers in his bachelor home, where the old meadow bridge road turned to the left and led on to Hanover Court House? A certain "nabob," who shall be nameless, spent the night at the poet's house, and to the horror and detestation of his aristocratic host, he allowed his colored body servant to sleep in another bed, but in the same guest-chamber. The offense was never condoned, and several months afterward the venerable poet had the feather-bed hauled to a neighborhood sale.

Putting it up at auction, he made a flaming speech, in which he gave a graphic description of his outraged honor, and told of how that inoffensive darkey, or the ghost of Banquo, confronted him whenever he looked at the bed. And when he had wrought himself and his shouting audience up to the highest pitch he closed with a poem, of which I remember these lines:

"I've scrubbed and scrubbed, and scrubbed in vain
For the accursed stench will still remain,
Not in the bed, but in my brain."

It is useless to say the bed brought double its worth, as the stench was not in the bed, and its fame was immortal.

A Unique Scarf-Pin.

STEPHEN J. WILKINS is an old soldier living on West Monroe street, Chicago, Ills. While well-to-do he dresses with exceeding plainness, the only bit of jewelry or ornament he wears being a somewhat peculiar cravat pin which always adorns his tie. He says he has worn it every day for twenty years. It is not a particularly handsome pin. You would take it to be silver turned almost black by natural oxidization. It possesses no beauty of construction or design. From its shape and color one would suppose that it was a leaden bullet that had been trodden under foot and rolled under wagons until it had almost lost all resemblance to its former shape.

It was once a leaden bullet, but it did not lose its spherical form in any common

place manner. Mr. Wilkins said he bent it into its present shape himself; then he laughs and tells this little story:

"It was in the battle of the Wilderness that I bent that little bullet. I didn't do it voluntarily. Our company had been fighting all day. Comrades had fallen on each side of me. I seemed to bear a charmed existence. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my side, things began to swim around me, and I knew no more. When I recovered I was in the hospital. A bullet had entered my right side and was to be cut out of my back by the surgeons. It was removed, bent and misshapen, and handed to me. I kept it, carrying it safely through several battles afterwards, and began to regard it as a mascot, for I was never wounded again. I carried it loose

in my pockets for a year or two after the war. After my marriage in 1867, my wife had it attached to a pin and I have worn it ever since as a cravat pin. It isn't hand-

some, but it isn't every man who is able to wear as a cravat pin a bullet that has passed through his body."

ARE YOU SAVED?

NOW, it may strike you as rather strange to tumble over that question in a book of this sort, purporting to be about the war. The question is a very important one, and pertains to war. There is war all about and within you. If you have money it requires a battle to keep it; if you have a home, some one is trying to rob you of it; if you own a bicycle, horse, book, or anything under the sun, somebody wants it, and you must fight to keep it, so that means war. Well, you say, I know all that. If I did not believe you knew it I would not mention it. Now, you have a soul—will you save it or will you surrender it to the devil? There is war between God and the devil. One pays with happiness, the other with more misery; the reward of each will never end if you are faithful to the end of your life.

Right here I want to tell you my story. One night during the month of January, 1874, after both my feet had been amputated, my room seemed unusually quiet as I lay there suffering great pain from the healing amputations and fracture in my left leg, I thought of my past life and how near I came to being wiped out, and the thought that if I had died my soul would surely be at that moment beyond redemption, with conviction in my heart, I offered up this little prayer: "Lord, I have been a bad man; if you will help me out of this difficulty I will do better and tell the people what you have done for me." I commenced to improve and finally got well, but I did not keep my bargain made with God, but drifted back into sin again, and if you will or have read the first 12 pages of this book you will see that the devil made it lively for me, so that like many others I tried to blame some one else for my sin, such as cursing about the way I was abused. Many a man I helped

and spent much money trying to find peace and satisfaction. Finally, when I would arrive at a town, the first thing to enter my mind was, I wonder what kind of a hell I'll get into here, and usually soon found out, and just like many others tried to justify myself that there was a plenty of hell here on earth, and that I need not expect more hereafter; but, my dear reader, allow me to tell you that the hell you find yourself in here in this world is only a slight intimation of what you are going into if you don't change masters. Perhaps you inquire how do I know. That is just what I propose to tell you—how I know—for I am not guessing. As stated above, I tried by kindness to others, and in many ways, to overcome the evil in me. Why I actually quit smoking, but could not quit swearing. Could not get rid of my dreadful temper, which many a time I thought would kill me. Try as I would, I only got worse, deeper and deeper into the mire, and more misery. I often met good men, who asked me if I was a christian. One, a Mr. Hadley, I met on the Third Avenue Elevated R. R., in New York City, in the Spring of 1892. He very kindly invited me to come to the McAully Mission on Water Street, and when I got near the place I was reminded of my promise, but did not keep it. In the following September I met another Evangelist on a steamboat between Bangor, Me., and Boston, Mass. He was a real nice man, but I abused him shamefully, and he seemed to only pity me. His apparent sympathy made a deep impression on me, and I wanted to apologize to him, but did not just to please the devil, I suppose. So it went from one day to another, a little more misery, until at last, after suffering misery beyond the power of man to describe, I met a man

in Manchester, N. H., on the 8th of October, 1892, who wanted to know if I would have my feet put on in Heaven. I told him I could not make a living in this world and keep the Ten Commandments. He said I did not have to. Then he explained that if I would submit myself wholly to Jesus, who died to save whosoever would believe on him, that I would receive a new heart, free from sin; that I would be protected in time of temptation. Never before had it been explained to me that I did not have to overcome my bad habits by my own strength. Something I had found it impossible to do.

The next day I went to the McAully Mission, made a full surrender, got rid of a load that looked to me like a moun-

tain of blackness, and my terrible sins have troubled me no more—all my temper, hatred, envy, profanity, jealousy—all wiped out. I have since joined the Salvation Army. Before I was saved I hated them all. This is promised in the Bible and so is hell, and because I have proved so much I believe all. Now, if you are saved help the Salvation Army, and in that way you will help others like I was to get this blessed salvation. If you are not saved *are you* happy—surrender all to God at once and your happiness will be genuine and everlasting, for you cannot grab hold of anything in this world but what will burn up. God bless you.

Yours to win souls,

CHAS. L. CUMMINGS.

A Severe but Just Criticism.

AN editor of a newspaper in an Illinois town, some few years ago, took occasion to attack the G. A. R., and in his article alluded to the members of that order as "Pestilence Breeders." The editor of another paper published in the same place, replied to him in the following very emphatic manner:

The more we ponder over the *Globe* article and think of the damnable outrage, the hotter we get. There is no excuse, no palliating circumstances; it was a clean cut, deep-dyed, stinking outrage. We belong to a family who were soldiers, and by the love of one member whose dust lies on the battle-field of Malvern Hill; by the memories of another who spent thirteen months in Andersonville, and who is now living in Elgin; by the scenes to which we were an eye-witness; by the memories of the battle-field scenes when but a youngster, such language, such treatment, at such a time as this, it makes our blood boil.

The men who lived on mule meat, and to quench their thirst, strained swamp water through army blankets to get the worms out, were not born to let go unrebuked such an assault twenty-five years

later, when their tottering frames are nearing the grave.

By the Gods, it is a treasonable utterance, and as such should be dealt with.

This may be free America—it is—but freedom of speech does not necessarily entitle the press to such villainous assaults upon men who saved the country.

Men who soaked their hardtack to get the maggots out of it before they ate it; men who lived on such fare and plodded Southern swamps, all for the love of the old flag, are entitled to more respect at this late day.

Men who roasted and ate sow-belly that would have been declared an abominable dish to set before a hog, are not deserving of taunts and slurs at this stage in the game.

If the men who lie buried in Southern soil; if the long rows of nameless graves in Andersonville, Murfreesboro, Nashville, Libby, and other National Cemeteries, North, South, East and West; if they could speak! But few are left,—a million are buried. The little remnant now journeying on to the grave, some legless, some armless, some bowed down by disease contracted by long marches

and scanty fare, some living a living death because of chronic complaints contracted in rebel prisons—these men are undeserving of such thrusts.

Men who fought for the old flag and saw their comrades buried like pestilence stricken hogs at Malvern Hill, Antietam, Rich Mountain, Stone River, and so on, those men should not be called "pestilence breeders."

Men who, for the love of the old flag, sacrificed home, happiness and relatives, and came back after five years' bloody fighting, with shattered constitutions, are not the men to be stigmatized as "pestilence breeders."

Men who participated in funerals where the ceremonies consisted of taking a dead comrade by the limbs and throwing him into a trench with piles of an unrecognizable mass of humanity that had been mowed down by rebel shell and musketry, those are not the men that an American people should allow to be called "pestilence breeders."

Twenty-five years and o'er have elapsed since the last groan was heard on the battle field, over twenty-five years since the gory scenes were enacted, but there lives not an old soldier to-day, who does not carry in his mind's eye vivid paintings of those charnel fields; the blood is still fresh, the moans of the dying still ring in their ears, and to-day, as they recount the vicissitudes of war, many are they who shudder at its tragedies, many are moved to tears as some heartrending incident is cited. All that is left to them besides these memories is their shattered and maimed bodies and the old flag, yet not one of those brave fellows but loves, yea! reverences it. "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot," will pass into history with the odor of sanctity round it. For all time to come "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Union Forever" and "Home, Sweet Home" will inspire the people of this the proudest Nation on God's earth.

Volunteers vs. Regulars.

DURING my whole service in the army it was always thrown in my face by the regular officers that I had no technical military education. That meant that I had not been to West Point. Now a West Pointer, if he graduated very high, never was employed in the army in managing troops until our war. He was simply assigned to public works, generally of a civil description, until he was fifty years old at least. If he graduated in the next grade he was to command a battery of artillery until he was about the same age, except a few of them who served in the Mexican war. If he graduated in the next grade he was to command an infantry company, and they were so few and scattered that he got near fifty before he ever commanded a company of them as a rule, and very few of them got to be captains before they were fifty years old, and except against the Indians they never acquired any experience in the field. The lowest

rank was to be a lieutenant of cavalry. So, with the exception of the Mexican veterans, there were no West Pointers at the breaking out of the war who had had any experience in the field. But during the Rebellion all was changed. It was assumed that West Point officers knew the whole art of war, and were ready-made generals. McDowell was only a major in the regular army when he fought the first battle of Bull Run, and had had no experience with troops. A few—but not too many—of those officers read military books. It is wonderful how soon this claim of theirs burst out after the war commenced, and even then how little ambition for fighting these men had.

I was sent as major general commanding to Fortress Monroe on the 22d day of May, 1861, and I was told by General Scott that I was fortunate in having there some sixteen young officers who would aid me in organizing troops. Now, if

those sixteen young men, ten had relations with General Taylor, who was commissary general of the army, and they at once got detailed to positions in the commissary department, where they could buy pork and beans for the army, which was thought to be a very soft place. Four of the others got detailed into the quartermaster general's department, where they could buy mules and hire steamboats. Two more of them got into the adjutant general's department, where they sat at desks.

There were three or four older officers who had been in the Mexican war, who retained their commands in the line and took their chances in battle. Now, I am not saying one word against those young men, but I am only showing to what—for some of them afterwards were on my staff and served well—an education at West Point brought the ambition of its pupils. It was not the fault of the men, but of the system.

The claim to that superiority, because they had a regular education, broke out not always in the most private manner. Sometimes it was discussed before me how superior all West Pointers were to volunteer officers.

I thought I would put a stop to that, so I invited some of the officers to a dinner party at my headquarters with some of my personal staff who were volunteers. I believed that at that dinner party some discussions might be renewed, so I called Captain Haggerty, of my personal staff, a very bright young lawyer, and told him to go to the library and read the descriptions of one or two of Napoleon's famous battles, naming Marengo, and to ascertain the pivotal point or movement upon which the battle turned, so as to be able clearly to tell me what it was when I asked him.

We all came to the dinner in a very pleasant mood, but between one or two of the officers, regulars and volunteers, the discussion broke out and became quite animated, and I feared it would go so far that it might become necessary for

the general to take notice of it. The claim was very loudly made that nobody could be fit to command troops who had not been to West Point. I never had been there except to examine the institution, as a member of the board of visitors, having been appointed in 1857 by Jefferson Davis while Secretary of War, for my supposed military knowledge as a civilian. I at that time held the title of brigadier general, and was met there by General Scott, who reminded me that he was the oldest, as I was the youngest, general in the United States.

I knew the young gentlemen at the table meant no harm, but I thought it was well enough to give them a little lesson.

I said: "You gentlemen of the regulars can doubtless give me, a volunteer general, some information by answering a question. Can any of you tell me the movement of Napoleon at the battle of Marengo which was the one upon which he wholly relied for his success in that famous battle?"

They looked one to the other and the other to the one, but nobody replied. I then turned to Captain Haggerty, who sat well down the table among the regular officers, and said:

"Captain, can you answer that question?"

"Yes, General, I think I can."

"Then explain to us what that battle was?"

Haggerty gave a very exact account of it, and I said:

"You see, gentlemen, it will be convenient during this war to have some volunteer officers along with us, so that if we get into a like predicament with Napoleon we shall have somebody who knows what was done under like circumstances."

The conversation was not renewed. In due time we separated, and the question of the military superiority of West Pointers was never discussed in my hearing by that set of officers afterwards.

— *Gen. Butler.*

The Grayback.

[At the 21st anniversary of Forsyth Post, Toledo, O., Gen. I. R. Sherwood made the following response to the subject assigned him, "The Volunteer," being a part of a lecture on "Reminiscences of the War," which he has promised for several soldier Campfires the coming season.]

Say, comrades of the old war days long gone,
Do you remember, while yet fresh from home,
When in the night the campfire light was low,
And dreams of home and peace would come
and go?

Do you remember how you cursed and raved,
When on the 'brodered shirt your sweetheart
gave,
You caught in active act, with open maw,
The very first grayback you ever saw?

Comrades, an age, it seems, has passed away
Since on the fields of war we met the gray;
The plow, the harrow, and God's grasses
green
Have blotted fort and earthwork from the
scene;

The hymns of peace and joy are ringing loud
Throughout the land where once hung pall
and shroud.

And honor sweet uplifts her snowy hand
And beckons onward to a fairer land!
And yet while memories of the past come
back

I feel the grayback crawling up my back!

I see the mountain-tops of Tennessee;
I breathe the ozone air at reveille!
When under Burnside, back in sixty-three
We waded rivers, climbed the Cumberland;
And wrested Knoxville from a hostile band!
The mountain-sides are flecked with fleecy
cloud,

That hang upon the summits like a shroud;
The trees are bright in scarlet, gold and green,
Tinged with the Autumn frosts in brilliant
sheen!

Here men with beards white as the mountain
snow,

And stalwart maidens in their frocks of tow,
Came forth to greet us in their royal right,
And kiss the stars upon our banner bright.
And while we lay upon that mountain-side
And saw the empire of our hopes and pride,
I'd given all I had that very minute
For one boiled shirt without a grayback in it!

I see old Kenesaw turn heavenward now,
With big-mouthed cannon on her serried
brow!

I hear the muskets rattle down the slopes!
I hear great thunders answering in the copse!
I see grim death stalk in the valley, where
The sweet magnolia perfumes all the air;
I see the shouting men in staggering lines
Where grape in swarths sweeps through the
shattered pines!

I see great gaps made by the fearful shell!
Our flag go down! I hear the rebel yell!
And yet beneath each soldier's blouse of blue,
Ten thousand graybacks charge, and claw,
and chew!

The battle's earthquake shocks they heeded
not!

Awed by no shrieking shell or blistering shot,
While roaring cyclones breathe their awful
power,

The grayback paused not for a single hour!

And when at length the hot June days had
passed,

And proud Atlanta fell to us at last,
And we looked back across a hundred days
Of skirmish, fight, and scorch and battle
blaze!

While all the North were booming us with
praise;

When Sherman issued orders for a rest—
That every soldier in new blue be dressed;
When blouses torn and pants without a seat,
And shirts, with sixty graybacks in each pleat,
Were made into a bonfire—far from sweet!
It took just four days of that Georgia sun
To hatch a new crop, fiercer than the old one!

And now I lie beneath the August night!
While dying embers glow of campfire light!

I see the shining stars in silver bars
Wink calmly o'er the sleeping field of Mars.

There is no cover save the steely sky,
There is no music but the nighthawk's cry!

Yet, as I gaze into the mellow moon,
I feel the grayback in my pantaloons!

I feel him in my shirt, upon my neck!
His gripping grip upon my starboard deck!

I cannot sleep, I cannot rest at all,
For his omniverous bite and ominous crawl!

And now, at last, we tramp the old North
State,

We stand crowned heroes at the golden gate
Of glorious peace! Farewell to war's alarms!
The Blue confronts the Gray with grounded
arms!

The Stars and Bars go down, and never more
In this fair land, on hill-top, sea or shore

Will that flag wave again! And then and there
Grant swung his victor eagles, bright with
flame

Into the grateful air of peace,—and fame
Wreathed laurels green with his immortal
name!

Two armies lay asleep—the Blue, the Gray;
And side by side! Sweet peace had come to
stay!

The grayback, too, was there, ten million
strong!

He knew no North, no South, no peaceful
song!

And by the firefly's flash, the last tattoo,
He clawed and clawed, the same he used to
do!

The same among the Gray as in the Blue!
Only for every one of Blue, 'tis true,

The prostrate Johnnies had a pair—or two!

Oh, cruel, bloodful clum of awful war,
Of soldier ills the most pestiferous, far;

Oh, crawling, creeping, clawing, biting pest,
Of camp and bivouac, the bane of rest!

Oh, nasty gnat of million hatching-power !
Born but to crawl and bite through every hour
Of a tired soldier's life ! It cannot be
That I shall ever live too long to forget thee !

Why were ye made with that terrific maw?
Why were ye born with that infernal claw?

Why were ye sent a soldier's life to mar
In the damp night bivouacs of cruel war?
To sit on Glory's brow and leave a scar ;
To creep, and crawl, and suck heroic blood—
And die between two thumb-nails' devilish
thud !

Anxious for the Order to Retreat.

A BIG blustering fellow enlisted in an eastern regiment and was very anxious to get to the front so he might distinguish himself and wipe the enemy off the earth. The regiment was assigned to the Army of the Potomac, and before he had learned how to fry hard-tack—first soak them in water until soft, then fry them in a frying pan, (such as soldiers carried when they were fortunate enough to get one, over a quick fire made of some unfortunate farmers' fence rails,) thoroughly saturated in bacon fat. Yum ! yum ! good old bacon fat will make any veteran's mouth water—in describing how to cook hard-tack I nearly forgot my new recruit. His company was ordered out on the skirmish line ; the men deployed among the scrub oaks and advanced to-

ward the brow of a hill. When the Captain was away in the front directing the movements of the men, there came a plaintive voice from the rear crying "Captain ! oh, Captain !" then a little louder "Captain !" The Captain turned back to see what the trouble was, when the recruit inquired where are we going ; the reply was given that we are going out on the skirmish line. They had not gone far before firing commenced, and soon the Captain heard the same plaintive call. Turning impatiently to order the man forward into his position, he first inquired of him "What do you want ?" The new soldier said he merely wanted the Captain to not get too far in the front, so he could not make himself heard when he ordered the men to retreat.

Christmas Eve in the Army.

The Army of the Potomac is in winter quarters. Scattered over the hills and valleys at Falmouth, Acquia Creek, Belle Plain and elsewhere, covering a territory of several square miles, can be seen the winter camps.

Here a brigade of infantry has taken possession of a wooded vale, and as far as the eye can see there are lines of regimental and company streets, laid out with mathematical precision. Trees have been felled and cut into suitable lengths and both sides of the streets are lined with log huts, seven or eight feet square, covered with canvas roofs, each with a small door in front, while in the rear is a mud and stick chimney, generally surmounted by an empty barrel to increase the draft.

These houses are of almost as many varying degrees of elegance and comfort

as the houses of a town, and are a good index of the skill, ingenuity and industry of their occupants. And so with their furnishing. The bunks, beds, seats, fire-places are all camp made ; some neatly and some shiftlessly constructed. In some, shelves have been put up ; walls papered with *Harper's* or *Frank Leslie's* ; tin cups and plates shine ; a pocket mirror, brush and comb are conveniently hung ; a few good books are on the shelves ; a bright fire is glowing and an air of comfort pervades. "'Tis the night before Christmas."

The thermometer is nearly down to zero ; the ground is covered with snow which creaks and glistens in the moonlight, reminding the boys of Christmas in their northern homes. There are other reminders. Christmas greens and holly berries adorn both the inside and outside

of many tenements. Christmas trees are in front of many a door. The sutler's train has arrived overland from Washington and the sutler's tents are full of Christmas goods. Pies, ginger cakes, cheese, doughnuts, crackers, canned goods, tobacco, cigars, pipes, paper collars, blacking, toilet soap, watches and chains, revolvers, playing cards, whisky in bottles to be sold on the sly, and a miscellaneous assortment of notions dear to the soldier's heart but dearer to his pocket, crowd the sutler's shelves and the intermediate space. Nor is this all. For weeks the mothers, sisters and friends at home have been preparing boxes to be sent to the boys at the front. They have come by express to Washington free of charge, owing to the generosity of the express companies, and from thence Uncle Sam's mail steamers have brought them down the Potomac, and the quartermaster's mule teams have brought them into camp. For two or three days they have been arriving and to-day the last and largest installment was received.

Almost every boy has his box and is busy inspecting its contents. Roast chickens and turkeys, mince pies and Christmas plumb puddings, handkerchiefs, gloves, mittens, neckties, jellies and jams, home made bread, everything eatable, drinkable and portable; everything that a fond mother or loving sister can imagine will minister to the comfort and pleasure of her soldier boy, has been sent without stint.

One has a present of a new fiddle, another has received his old banjo, with an invoice of the latest army songs and new music books. There are Sunday School hymns for pious ones and sentimental ballads for those whose tastes lead them in that direction.

There are backgammon boards and sets of chessmen, Victor Hugo's latest novel, "Les Misérables" and other books in great variety. There are souvenirs and keepsakes which will be of little use to the recipients, and which look strangely out of place in a soldier camp; but they are none the less prized, for they come

with a mother's blessings and a sister's love. Most highly prized of all are the pictures of dear ones at home. In mother's face are lines of care and anxiety and sorrow that shall deepen till the war closes and her boy returns, if it be so ordered—if not they will never disappear. Sister's face has grown mature and womanly very fast during the stress of war, and there are little ones—baby faces on which are no traces of sorrow or lines of care.

Laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks that bring rays of home sunlight straight into hearts that have not been thus cheered in well nigh two years. Of men and boys who during all that time have not eaten a meal prepared by woman's hand nor heard the tones of a woman's voice, except perhaps, of a hospital nurse. Who during all that time have seen no household nor heard the prattle of children's voices; and though they give small thought to the mother and child at Bethlehem, their souls go out with a great longing to their homes in the north, where mothers keep watch and baby brothers and sisters nestle in their cribs this Christmas eve.

During the last eight months they have met the legions of Lee and Longstreet and Stonewall Jackson in a dozen battles. They have stood amid shrieking shells that drowned the whizz of minie-balls, and seen comrades by scores drop dead at their sides, or torn limb from limb by exploding shells; and have not been moved as they are by these miniature baby faces. But quick are the transitions of a soldier's moods and feelings. The two or three occupants of each tent having fully examined their treasures are off to the next; and so they go from tent to tent, inspecting the contents of each other's boxes and tasting each other's eatables and drinkables.

They sample all the mince pies and fruit cakes until they are full to repletion. Some of them add various drinks of sutler's whisky and of better grades which have come from home.

They puff new pipes filled with Turkish tobacco and test all grades and qualities

of cigars. 'Turkeys, chickens, pigs' feet, head cheese—everything is fish that comes to their net. He with the new fiddle joins him with the old banjo, and they are joined by another who has received the gift of a new set of castanets of the most approved minstrel show pattern. They play the old walk around:

"Will you, will you, fight for the Union,
Will you, will you, fight for Uncle Sam."

while some of the other boys take the steps and join in a regular breakdown.

But hark? Off on the hill sounds a cavalry bugle and soon another and another takes up the refrain. The drummers beat the "tattoo" and in a few moments it will be "taps" and all must "bunk in" and every light must be out.

The demands of military discipline are inexorable and cannot yield even to Christmas eve. And so they hasten to their quarters and are soon in bed. But

not to sleep. They are too full of thoughts of home and friends and of mince pie and plum cake for that. They lie through the long hours of the night in silent reverie. The Christmases of long ago pass in review and with them all the scenes of their childhood. Occasionally they talk with their bunk mates in subdued tones and again try to sleep. As the stars begin to pale and a faint flush appears in the east they drop off into dream-land, a sort of troubled nightmare sleep, wherein the scenes of their childhood are strangely mingled with the experiences of camp and battle, until gradually they sink into a deep lethargy, only to be broken by the gruff voice of the orderly sergeant: "Company——turn out to roll call," and as they go stumbling out half dressed and more than half dazed into the frosty morning air, a dozen voices in unison give the glad old greeting "Merry Christmas."

Discipline Maintained.

CAPTAIN J. was a brave officer, and a good disciplinarian, generally speaking, but he was of a nervous temperament and somewhat eccentric. He had a mania, for instance, for roll-calls. I have known him to have no less than nine roll-calls of a morning before breakfast. Anything out of the common or any whim that struck him was sufficient excuse for calling his company into line. For example, seeing pieces of "soft bread" littered about the company street, he shouted, with customary impulsiveness: "Fall in, Company B!" The men fell in and the roll was called. Then the captain referred to the fragments of soft bread, winding up with: "Don't let me see any more of this waste—make a mighty good pudding—without doubting; right face, break ranks, march!" In a half hour's time or less the men would be commanded to fall in again for another roll-call on some other and less vital matter. The story was current in "B" that the company was called out one day that the captain might ask which man owed him ten cents; but this, I suspect, was an ex-

aggeration, if not a pure creation, though it was implicitly believed throughout the regiment.

Captain J. had command of the grand line on one occasion, and at the post which he made his headquarters were a sergeant and a half dozen men. The post was in the village of Fall's Church, and the men were given strict orders against interfering with private property. But soldiers are but human, and it was not long before they discovered some very plump chickens. What followed may be imagined. Early next morning one of the "loyal" inhabitants presented himself to the captain with a grievance. His fattest chicken had disappeared during the night and feathers had been discovered just outside the picket post. The circumstantial evidence was strongly against the Union soldiers. Captain J. was indignant. The men were ordered into line and the roll was called. Then the captain lectured the men on the sin of chicken-stealing and concluded by ordering that every man's haversack be searched for missing

poultry. The haversacks went through the ordeal triumphantly. Not so much as a feather was found in any one of them. Captain J. gave a sigh of relief and the complainant was forced to acknowledge that his suspicions were unfounded.

At dinner that day, the Captain found a plump, juicy chicken, finely roasted, awaiting his attention. He looked at the bird, sniffed its aroma, and was about to dissect it; but the instinct of the officer deterred him. Addressing his black servant, he demanded:

"Horace, where'd this chicken come from?"

"Got him outer your haversack, Cap'n."

"Out of my haversack?"

Captain J. looked down at the chicken, and then his eyes sought the heavens. Then he laid down his knife and fork, sprang to his feet, and called out, "fall in!" Again the inevitable roll-call.

"Who put that chicken into my haversack?" he demanded, in severe tones.

The men exchanged glances, a smile passed down the line, but there was no

response. Again the demand in somewhat milder accents, for the fragrance of roast chicken was in the air. Finally the servant spoke up. "Captain," he said, "we are all in it. We thought a bit of poultry might be good for you for a change, and as your haversack happened to be handy, we just put the bird into it."

Captain J. called up a serious face, but that chicken did have a tempting smell. The lines of his countenance gradually relaxed into a smile. "It was a wrong thing to do," he said, "a very wrong thing; but now that the chicken is cooked—and it looks and smells like a good one—it would be wicked not to eat it." And eaten it was, and every man had his share. But at the roll-call which followed—I believe he would have halted his company in the midst of a charge, for a roll-call—Captain J. again animadverted upon the offense of plundering non-combatants, and finished his homily by remarking: "I shall hang my haversack in the same place to-night. Right face! break ranks, march."

The Company Cook.

THE new regiment reaches the army. The arms, equipments, tents and rations come along promptly. Our letters to and from home, with rare exceptions, found us. On one occasion, when a pair of boots was sent singly, but one came, and the missing boot in a few weeks was replaced by another from home, when lo! the straggling cowhide came also—three boots for two feet! The express companies, even, would bring our boxes as far as the situation would permit. The sutlers followed us almost as persistently as the fleas. So that the background of army life was not less active and as necessary as the chivalrous front. My service, with the exception of a few weeks, was confined to the society of a musket and from forty to eighty rounds; yet I deem no man a bumner who went as ordered, staid where he was put, and performed the duties of the detail. I am not

a hero, never was a hero, never intended to be a hero; but I have seen heroes and heroines in the hospitals, in the wagon trains, in the pioneers, and even in service under the provost officers.

In my company was a man past sixty. He was a well known character when our boys' mothers and their beaux danced the long nights out and went home in the morning. Ziba Cleyes was an excellent country fiddler, with an ear for music beyond the scope of his rosin. Ziba stood next to me when our last inspection (previous to U. S. acceptance) occurred. The Inspecting Surgeon said to him: "How old are you, sir?" "Fifty four," replied Ziba. "Open your mouth." Ziba opened a cavernous grub receptacle, fairly glistening with perfect teeth. "Put your finger in there, Doctor," he said. The Doctor smiled and passed on to the next. I doubt if the old man had an enemy in the world,

and I believe that his motives for enlisting sprang from a true national pride. While in camp at Acquia Creek, or near Stafford C. H., the first winter out, some fifteen or twenty of our officers resigned and quite a number of the men deserted. Blue-toned letters from home, and blue news from the army, together with much sickness among the new troops, made rather blue life in our soldier huts. But among the few whose back-bone remained firm was old Ziba, our Company (G) cook. When rations were slow he was patient, and when a growler was dissatisfied with his pork rations, he would coolly suggest that no man had a right to find fault with Uncle Sam for giving him better than he was accustomed to at home—for as a rule of such were the growlers at the cook's tent.

Ziba had his violin, and after the duties of the day were over, the dreariness of our dull street was most happily enlivened by strains from the region of his hut. "Arkansaw Traveler," "Money Musk," "The Old Woman who Sat on the Hay Mow," or "Virginia Reel," came to our ears as something from home. Yet, when the cooks left their boiling kettles of meat for Stonewall's gray-coated men at Chancellorsville, they also left their personal effects, and that violin was captured together with the sick man, Brockway, who had it in charge, and the life of Company G was not until Uncle Ziba was again equipped for stag dances and an occasional breakdown at some house in the neighborhood where a bit of calico was to be found.

On the long march to Gettysburg, the old man and his helper, Pat Matthews, trudged along, bearing on a pole between them the "pottery" of Company G, and when we reached the fight and lay beneath the shelling behind the battery of our brigade, Old Ziba, too nearly played out from our hurried march to go himself, sent old Pat to us with fresh water. There we lay, each shell that exploded over us making us dig our noses deeper into the moist soil. Boys, you all know how it was.

"Pat! I say, Pat!" calls his brother Jim; "lie down, you divil." "Which?" says Pat. "Don't you hear the shells, Pat?" queried Jim, excitedly, his own head going up and down as the reports occurred. "Divil do I care for them, anyhow. B'ys, duz yez want any wather, any of yez?" And I can see him now, the brave old fellow, standing up in that unscreened cornfield; four hundred and fifty men flat in the July growth of trampled grain, and Pat with the kettle passing among the boys, who were so thirsty. And Pat walked to the rear; he did not run.

Again, on Morris Island, when the shells would cuff the sand in all directions, Ziba and Pat would be sure to have Company G's soup brought up hot and the tops of the kettles well covered to keep out the sand.

"Old Zibe," as we called him, was in his element at Ferdinanda, Fla., and Georgetown, S. C., where contrabands of the tender sex were plenty and breakdowns possible. It was there he seemed lost in past memories, and the vigor of his youth, and the same old inspiration of time, tune and turnabout, as fifty years before, were upon him. Then his jolly, quiet laugh, as he told, in his deliberate fashion, of the tarheels, dresses, attitudes, flings, gestures and general flavors of the plantation dance.

Did I admire Uncle Ziba? I did—his better traits. And as they outnumbered and out shone his weaknesses, I may say that I not only liked him, but I respected him. Well posted in general matters, a man who had read a great deal, a good scholar of his day and an excellent writer, he would have honored many high stations that were filled by his inferiors. I often talked with him as with a father, and he treated me accordingly—not only me, but many others, as he was not partial among us. But long marches told on the old man, and at such times our boys relieved him as well as they could. On one forced march under a hot Florida sun, I took from him his kettle, and after carrying it a few miles passed it to another. When

we reached camp, near midnight, I carried him his kettle, and he told me how much the boys had relieved him, and he frequently mentioned this little circumstance to me after.

Old Ziba now musters on the other side. He has been dead many years. He was poor—too kind-hearted to make money. But he will be remembered as long as any

of those men live who ate of his cooking or drank of his brewing, smoked before his tent, or stepped off to the tune of his bow. Rest, then, in peace, old friend! The flowers of our thoughts shall decorate thy memory and thy name shall stand enrolled among those who served their country faithfully and well.

Getting Out of the Army.

ONE of the earliest tricks practiced on the surgeons to secure a discharge was to be taken down with rheumatism. Unless the soldier was too sharp he stood a pretty fair chance of gaining his end in time. A bad case of inflammatory rheumatism would reveal itself to the surgeon at once, but in case a man pretended to be sore, lame, and almost helpless, there was no telling whether he was a fraud or a sufferer. The wise soldier didn't go beyond a certain limit in his helplessness. He was just helpless enough to escape all duty, and lie around until it was believed that he would never be any better, and that it was wisdom to discharge him. He might be six months securing his end, but it was pretty sure to come. There were three cases in my regiment where men played this dodge on me and got their discharge. Each one of them had been helpless for months, and yet they had not been discharged more than a week before they were all as active as any one. The soldier who was suddenly taken with inflammatory rheumatism, either had a genuine case or his hypocrisy was soon exposed and he was returned to duty.

Now and then a desperately homesick man resorted to the expedient of losing his voice to secure his discharge. It was not long before every surgeon was "on" to this scheme, and very few men could play it successfully for any length of time. We had in our regiment a private named Alanson White, who first tried the rheumatic dodge to secure his discharge. He was sent to the hospital to be treated, and

seemed to suffer considerable pain, and to have the symptoms of inflammatory rheumatism. On the third day of his stay he received a letter to the effect that his wife had lost \$200 of the money he had sent home by lending it on poor security. He was so excited and indignant that he rushed up and down the ward, swearing and cursing, and finally dressed himself and walked four miles to camp to talk the matter over with the boys. His cure was instantaneous. Three months later he suddenly lost his voice. I suspected trickery, and after diligent inquiry learned that he had gone deliberately at work. He had held his feet in ice-cold water in order to catch cold, and as if that was not enough he had exposed himself to a soaking rain for several hours and let his clothes dry on him. He got a cold, and after coughing for several days he began to lose his voice. In a week he could not speak above a whisper. I sent him to the hospital with instructions that he be watched. He anticipated this, and set himself at work to beat us all.

Several surgeons examined White's throat very thoroughly, and it was the unanimous verdict that nothing ailed him. In a week he was over the cold, but he doggedly asserted that his voice was gone, and it was no use to return him for duty. We then conspired to betray him. One day, as he sat outside the hospital building in the sun, smoking his pipe, one of the nurses was ordered to pass near him with a pail of water and bring about an accident. This he did, and White was suddenly doused with three or four quarts

of water. He gave a great jump, but did not yell out, as we had anticipated. On another occasion his chair was suddenly pulled from under him, but nothing more than a grunt was the result. At another time, by what seemed altogether to be an accident, a pistol was discharged at his ear, but the fellow uttered no exclamation. He had set his mind to the idea that he had lost his voice, and waking or sleeping he was determined not to be betrayed.

We held three or four councils over his case, and at length we hit upon a scheme that was successful. It was given out among other convalescents that White was to be discharged, and, of course, the news soon reached his ears. The fact that he had gained his point, or was about to, would naturally excite his exultation and render his sleep more or less restless. One night before going to bed the convalescent next to White began to tell stories of snakes, tarantulas and centipedes, and how such reptiles had been found in his bedding in Texas before the war. The bite of a tarantula he assured White, felt like the application of fire,

and it was seldom that a victim recovered. He worked on White with such stories until the man went to bed with his mind full of reptiles. He occupied a bed at the extreme end of the ward, and next to a window. It was an hour before he fell asleep, and then he was uneasy and evidently bothered with bad dreams. By and by the head nurse of the ward carefully approached with a lighted cigar. With his free hand he cautiously uncovered one of White's feet, and the cigar was touched to his big toe. The result was astonishing. With a series of screams that awoke every patient in the ward, White leaped out of bed, and as he danced up and down he called at the top of his voice:

"Get the doctor, quick! I've been bitten by a centipede!"

Such was his excitement that it was two or three minutes before he realized that he had betrayed himself. Then he owned up like a man to the facts, expressed a desire to become a more worthy soldier, and was returned to his company to be wounded and honorably discharged a year later.

Sheck's Pension.

Sheck was his name, and he was an old colored man in a Kentucky town. He had seen some service as a soldier, and in his later days he did odd jobs for a livelihood. One morning he was building a fire in the Judge's office and was grunting a good deal over it.

"What's the matter, Sheck?" inquired the Judge.

"Rheumatiz, boss," he groaned.

"By the way, weren't you in the army?" asked the Judge.

"Yessir."

"You don't get a pension, do you?"

"No, sir, boss."

"Didn't you get that rheumatism in the army?"

"I spec I did, boss," responded Sheck, grasping the new idea with promptitude.

"Then you ought to have a pension."

"Neber thought about hit befo', boss."

"Well, we'll think about it now, Sheck, and the Judge went to work and before a great while Sheck was getting \$8 a month from Uncle Sam, and a happier man didn't live than he. But Sheck was only human, and that \$8 a month began to lessen in importance as he grew familiar with it. One day, several months after he had been a pensioner, he was working about the office and complaining loudly.

"What's wrong, Sheck?" asked the Judge.

"Dist year blame rheumatiz, boss," groaned Sheck.

"I thought it had left you."

"Deed hit tain't, boss," whined Sheck.

"Hit's twicet ez bad ez hit ever wuz."

"What's the cause of it?"

"Deed I dunno, boss, 'ceptin' 'tis dar penshun oughter be twicet ez big ez hit am," and Sheck got an increase.

How an Arm was Lost.

"No, sir, I didn't lose that arm in battle. I lost it while playing the fool," said Major John Leonard, of St. Louis, as he looked regretfully at his empty sleeve, then swung into line with the story tellers at the Laclede. "It was shortly before the battle of Shiloh. I was out prowling around, looking for fat pullets or anything else that would give the mess kettle a savory odor, and finally found myself near the Confederate lines. A long, gaunt Tennessean, evidently on picket duty, stood leaning against a tree reading a newspaper. He appeared deeply engrossed, and I chuckled as I thought what a rich joke it would be to sneak up within easy range and plug him.

"I began to sneak. The ground was wet, covered with briars, and I crawled for fully 200 yards, ruining my new uniform to play my little joke. The Johnnie kept on reading. He had evidently not seen me. I stopped to hug myself before I rose up to my hellish work. I took good aim and let fly. The sentry never moved—just kept on reading. That made me hot. I reloaded and blazed away again. He never budged. I kept up a fusillade

for half an hour without result; then I got so mad I couldn't stand it any longer.

"I was not a little proud of my marksmanship, and to have a large, loose jointed enemy of my beloved country stand up there in his butternut breeches and calmly absorb the news while I was chucking lead at him at a distance of 500 yards was too much for me. I reloaded, marched up to within 20 paces of him, took deliberate aim and blazed away. He kept on reading. I clubbed my musket and made a mad rush. I whacked him over the head with force enough to kill a church scandal, then reversed and jabbed my bayonet into him. It was a dummy.

"I started to lose myself in the direction of camp when there came a shriek of demoniac laughter from a clump of hazels to my left, and three big Tennesseans stepped out to intercept me. Surrender? Not much. I was mad enough to fight the whole southern confederacy single handed. I made a rush for 'em, and they turned loose, relieving me of this arm and breaking both legs. But I licked the dummy. One of my captors told me that they shook a pound of lead out of it."

Corporal Jack.

THERE were ten of us youngsters in the company "G" squad which Corporal Jack marched forth to drill, and the old man's face wore a fatherly smile as he kept calling:

"Hay foot—straw foot—right face—left face—front."

If he had a home—a wife—children—we did not know. We wondered if he had left anybody behind who would mourn if his life went out on the field of battle; but he never talked of such things. He had a way of putting us off when we began to question of the past. We believed that some dark cloud rested over his life, and we agreed among ourselves that it was a mystery which must be held sacred. To the men he was stern and dignified;

to us boys he was so kind and gentle that we grew to look upon him as a father. It was Corporal Jack who cured the blisters on our feet; who laughed our homesickness away; who took part of our loads away when the knapsacks galled our backs.

When he counted us after Bull Run and found that three of his ten boys had been left dead on the field, we missed him for a time. When he returned to us his eyes had the look of one who had been weeping. Later on, when company "G" swung into the slashing timber at Williamsburg, and men went down by twos and threes under the fire of sharpshooters, it was Corporal Jack who whispered to each one of us:

"Steady, my boy! I wouldn't have you give ground now for the world! Move to the right a bit—that's it—keep covered if you can."

I remember how the light of battle blazed in his eyes that day as he faced the enemy, and how that light was changed to one of unutterable sorrow as we answered our names at night-fall and only six "ayes" were heard. The seventh lay dead in the timber, with the whippoorwill uttering its sad night-call in the branches above him.

As we came into battle line at Mechanicsville there was a look of pride in Corporal Jack's eyes. His boys had grown to be soldiers. Our faces were no paler than those of the sturdy, middle aged men further along the line. As we knelt beside the log breastworks and opened fire, I heard the Corporal saying to himself:

"Good! That's it! Just see how cool they are."

We broke line after line of the gray as they advanced upon us, but by and by we were forced to yield. A bit of shiver ran along the lines—the first symptoms of a panic—but the old Corporal was close at hand to say:

"Steady, now! Fall back in good order! We are not beaten, but only falling back to a stronger position."

The head of the company broke back—the centre fell into confusion—our end of the line simply shivered and then became as firm as a rock. We knew not who had come out alive—who had been killed—until the old Corporal gathered us under his wings, as it were, long after darkness had shut down, and in a broken voice said:

"There are but four of my boys left, and I cannot sleep!"

After the fierce tempest of war had past over the fields and forests of Savage Station there were only three of us. Corporal Jack bent down over the fourth, who lay dead in a pool of blood, cut off a lock of his hair, and said, as he reverently placed it in his pocket:

"This is for his mother, whose heart will be breaking over his loss! I pray God the rest of you may be spared!"

After Glendale there were but two of us. We toiled wearily over the highway with the stars shining above us and the sullen crackle of musketry in the rear. Corporal Jack marched with us, but for a long time he was silent. At last he said: "Only two left! After to-morrow—what!"

At Malvern Hill he would have been our breastwork to receive the bullets. Darkness was falling, and we had broken and hurled back the lines of Magruder again and again, when a move by the left flank had somehow separated the three of us. There was a fierce and determined advance—a fierce and desperate resistance, and night shut down and the roar of battle died away. I went out with those who succored the wounded and mourned over the dead, and I found them—Corporal Jack and my boy comrade. They were side by side and dead, but in his dying moments dear old Jack had thrown an arm over the poor boy, as if to shield and save him.

Truly, those were the days when men's hearts ached and women's tears could not be dried.

Wanted to Get Away.

It WAS at the battle of Gettysburg, when the bullets were falling like hail, and the shells were shrieking and bursting over our heads in a way to make the bravest heart tremble, a private dropped out of the ranks and skulked back to the rear. He was well under way when, un-

fortunately for him, he was met by General Slocum, who was going to the front.

"What are you doing here? Get back to your command," the General shouted.

The poor fellow stopped still and trembled like a leaf, but made no reply.

"Get back to your post, you miserable

coward; aren't you ashamed of yourself to be skulking back here when you should be in the front with your brave comrades?"

Still the man made no reply, but commenced to cry like a year old infant.

"You sneaking coward," shouted the infuriated General, "get back to your

company; I'll ride you down like a dog. Why, you are nothing but a baby."

"I-I-I'll t-t-t-tell you what, General," said the blubbering fellow, "I'd g-g-give anything just n-n-now, if I was a b-b-baby, and i-i-if I had my c-c-choice I'd r-r-rather be a female b-b-baby."

Couldn't Go Further.

A CONFEDERATE soldier, after the battle of Antietam, and when his regiment was on the retreat, threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And he sat there the picture of despair.

"Git up, man!" exclaimed the captain, "don't you know the Yankees are following us. They will get you, sure."

"Can't do it!" he replied. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of their poor dejected comrade.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly he appeared on the crest of the hill moving along like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, that officer yelled:

"Hello! thought you wasn't going to walk any more."

"Thunder," replied the soldier, "You don't call this walking, do you!"

A Soldier's Bible, Almanac and Common Prayer Book.

A PRIVATE soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before a magistrate for playing cards during divine service. It appears that a sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had Bibles took them out, but the soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer book; but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them before him. He just looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said, "Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over the constable took Richard before the mayor. "Well," says the mayor, "What have you brought the soldier here for?" "For playing cards in church." "Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much, sir; I hope." "Very good. If not I will punish you more than man was ever pun-

ished." "I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer book, I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I'll satisfy your honor of the purity of my intentions." And spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace: "When I see the ace it reminds me there is but one God; when I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see the tray, it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the four spot it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I meet the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps—there were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish and were shut out. When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day He rested from the great work

he had created and hallowed it. When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, with three sons and their wives. When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour; there were nine out of ten who never returned thanks. When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tablets of stone. When I see the king it reminds me of the King of Heaven which is God Almighty. When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man; she brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so King Solomon decided by that. "Well," said the mayor, "you have given a good description of

all the cards except one." "What is that?" "The knave," said the mayor. "I will give your honor a description of that too if you will not be angry?" "I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave." "Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here." "I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool." "When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are fifty-two, the number of weeks I find in a year, and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and, on counting the tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac and Common Prayer Book."

General Lee's Tribute to the Private Soldier.

THE narrator hereof knew the late General Lee well and passed through the war close by him. So far as he knows the following brief and, perhaps, not very amazing war story is the only war story that he ever told. It is certainly the only one that the recounter, who heard him tell it, ever did hear fall from his lips.

Lee was never a great talker except under one condition, and that was when he had young ladies to entertain, for then his natural gallantry got the better of him and he was a charming companion, though not what might be called loquacious, and he did not care to talk of the war, preferring to choose other topics. It was in camp, however, that he so far yielded to the desire of a couple of fair visitors as to spin a yarn. He had invited two young ladies, cousins of his, to dine with him, and it was to them and at their persuasion that he told the story of the "Two Confederate Scouts."

Carefully arranging his napkin on the table in front of him and sitting perfectly erect in his chair, as was his custom, General Lee said: "When this war is over you will hear a great deal of praise given the leaders of the armies, and in the attempt to do them honor the private soldier will to a certain extent be overlooked. This is unfortunate, since some of the noblest and most daring deeds of the war were done by privates on both sides.

"I was once in absolute need of positive information as to the movements of the enemy. My regular scouts were out, so I had to select from a regiment of men who were familiar with the section of the country, if not with their mission. Two able-bodied and intelligent men were sent me to whom I entrusted the dangerous task of crossing the river and going into the neighboring village to ascertain from stragglers the coveted information. They

made the trip successfully and returned the next noon, not only with the facts, but with the traps and effects of four Union soldiers, which they obtained in a manner creditable to the coolest and bravest men of either army.

"After ferreting out the secrets of the enemy, they started on the return trip, but were detained by a terrific rain-storm of several hours duration, which forced them to shelter until night. When they reached the river they found, to their chagrin, that it was too much swollen to be crossed in a canoe, and the only thing left was to make a bed of the pine tags on the ground and sleep until morning, when they would proceed unmolested. But they had reckoned without their host. The enemy's pickets, who had also been driven to shelter by the rain, were out early next morning investigating, and, seeing fresh tracks, suspected something wrong. Five of them started on the trail, plain in the soft earth, and soon came upon the sleeping scouts. Feeling confident of having their prisoners secure, they thought to have some innocent fun with them and proceeded to jab them in the back with the points of their bayonets and request them to come in out of the rain.

"Hello, Johnny, what are you doing sleeping out here in the wet like this?

You will take cold. Come on with us out of the damp."

"But the sleeping Confederates could not be aroused, and the sentinels had a big laugh over it, particularly so when one of them would turn partially over and groan out "Oh stop that! What are you poking me for? It isn't time for reveille yet," as if he thought he was in his own camp safe and sound. Just in the midst of their greatest outbreak the scouts, with the agility of wild animals, sprang from their couches and with their pistols shot down the two front men, then as quickly dropped the other two as the fifth man hastily retreated, leaving his gun behind him.

"When the scouts heard the Federal squad advancing on them they were too close to admit of retreat, so they resorted to strategy and feigned sleep, arranging between them that at a given signal both should rise and fire on different men, taking them so by surprise that the others could be shot also before they could get their guns up. The trick worked perfectly, and to it those men not only owe their necks, but the valuable information for headquarters and four good Snider rifles and warm overcoats.

"I do not believe that any deed of the war surpassed this in coolness and bravery."

The Colonel would not be Outdone.

THE other day I was entertained by a story about General Cogswell, representative of the Salem (Mass.) district. Congressman Henderson, of Iowa, recounted it:

"General Cogswell," said Henderson, "was a great soldier, and, by the way, was the youngest colonel on the Federal side. He became a brigadier in time to make good company for Sherman, as he journeyed through Georgia. However, that is not my story. Cogswell was colonel of a very famous regiment, the Second Massachusetts. He was decidedly proud of it, too, and took more delight in it than

a mother does in her offspring. At one time Cogswell's regiment was brigaded with a regiment from Michigan, also a crack regiment, and a great rivalry fell out between them. To tell the truth, Cogswell's regiment had the better of the competition. One day a wave of religion struck the Michigan crowd. We'd been stationed some time at one place and the chaplains had begun to get in their work. When soldiers are marching or fighting every day religion never seems to take much hold on them; but make a camp for a month and let muddy currents of life settle a little and it is very different.

At this particular time a regular revival broke out in the Michigan regiment. The colonel himself was given that way, and you could always find as many hymn books as decks of cards about his headquarters, and as he rather led this return to a better and a brighter life many of his boys naturally fell in and followed. Cogswell's regiment, on the other hand, was decidedly a perverse and stiff-necked generation. If there was any religion in that regiment it was a great secret and none of us ever knew it. One day while the Michigan revival was at high tide an officer was talking to Cogswell about it.

"Do you know, Colonel," he said to Cogswell, "I understand eleven of those Michigan fellows are going to be baptized to-morrow?"

"The deuce they are!" said Cogswell, full of scorn and incredulity. Then he fell to jealous rumination thereon. He thought he detected a scheme to outdo his brave Second Massachusetts. He determined to thwart it. That evening on dress parade he addressed his regiment. He told them of the Michigan regiment and how eleven of them were going to be baptized in the river next morning.

"Now, boys," said Cogswell, and his voice trembled, "the Second Massachusetts can't stand this. We've outfought, outmarched and outdrilled these Michigan men and can repeat all of these solemnities any day in the week. They know it, too, and so they try to make a mean, sneaking detour, as it were, and give us the go-by in religious matters, thinking to catch the Second Massachusetts where it isn't at home. Now, boys, if I were to ask for volunteers to charge a battery of siege guns or to just march calmly out and die there would be but one response. Every man but the sutler

would step forward on the instant. To save the honor of the regiment, then, when, it is so insidiously beset by these people from Michigan, I now call on you for an unusual sacrifice. And boys," continued Cogswell, in tones of deepest feeling, "I don't want you at this crisis in the career of a great regiment, to whose undying fame we all have contributed our blood, to weaken or hang back. Eleven of our rivals are to be baptized to-morrow morning, and I now call for twenty-five of my brave fellows to volunteer to also be baptized. We'll see their eleven and go them fourteen better."

"The line hesitated and the men looked doubtfully at each other. At last one of them addressed Cogswell for further and fuller light.

"Are you going to be 'mersed, too, Colonel?" he inquired.

"I will never," said Cogswell, "shrink from a peril to which I invite my men. Should the Colonel of this Michigan regiment attempt any trick of personal baptism, I, too, will go. Should he baptize any of his officers, officers of equal rank in the Second Massachusetts will be there to uphold the honor of their regiment. As the story comes to me now, it would seem as a first play these people meditate only the baptism of eleven privates, and so it rests with you, my men, to say whether at this juncture their plot shall succeed, or whether, with twenty-five brave volunteers for this special duty, we will retain our proud prestige as the crack regiment of this brigade and the unmeasured superior of this particular outfit from Michigan.

"The twenty-five volunteers stepped promptly forward, and Cogswell issued an order to the chaplain to baptize them at the same time and place with their hated rivals."

MANY humorous incidents occurred on battle-fields. A Confederate colonel ran ahead of his regiment at Malvern Hill, and discovering that the men were not following as closely as he wished, he ut-

tered a fierce oath and exclaimed "Come on! do you want to live forever?" The appeal was irresistible, and many a poor fellow who had laughed at the colonel's queer exhortation, was killed soon after.

The Old Army Cracker.

DURING the Peninsula campaign, the bread had become inhabited by a very lively species of insects of a brown color and amiable disposition. Various stories are told of the crackers in camp, some of which, no doubt, are malicious fabrications. One was that the insects were purposely put in the bread to save mule transportation; one that when the commissary wished to transport the bread he simply whistled and it came itself; another was, that four of these crackers were seen on battalion drill one evening going through the evolutions with great precision. One of the boys had a lot of bread so thickly settled as to be untenable, and

took it down to the commissary to be exchanged, he was told to lay it down and take some others, when he very honestly asked "Hadn't I better hitch 'em?" In many camps, early in the war, the hard bread was wholly unfit to be eaten, and was cherished by the men as a rare curiosity and was by many sent north as a proof of what they had written concerning it. One lot was marked thus: "Pilot Bread—Boston, 1810." In many of the camps of the Army of the Potomac, we were informed, a few of the boxes were branded as follows: "865 B. C.," and this could not refer to the number of the box for each one was numbered also.

"'Let 'em Wave."

THE following hit on an old captain in Connecticut is too good to be lost, so we give it to our readers:

An old veteran, rather grim and gray,
Scolded his buxom wife one day,
Because some things that babies wear,
Were swinging in the front yard air.
He said he thought the better place
Was in the shady back yard space,
Since garments of that make and kind,
Had best be always kept behind.
She only smiled to be thus blamed,

And asked him why he was ashamed
To see the Patriot's loving sign
Hang gracefully from their own clothes
line.

"How Patriot's, madam," cried the man;
"Really, I do not understand?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the wife,
Her face free from care,
"That's the Flag of OUR UNION
Waving there!"

P. S.—Then they kissed and made up
and the captain said: "'Let 'em wave."

The Ration of Corn Meal.

THE year 1863 was an eventful one for the Army of the Potomac, and of all the events of that eventful year, the one that occupies the most prominent place in my recollection is "Mush Day."

Chancellorsville may be forgotten, and the memory of Gettysburg may become dim, but never "while reason retains her throne," can I forget the day when the Army of the Potomac, or at least that part of it to which I was attached, had nothing to eat but mush.

"But shtop a leetle, and I told you all about it." It was not long after our re-

turn to Virginia from the Pennsylvania campaign; we were doing duty along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and were drawing rations from day to day.

Some of the medical fraternity who "tented" in Washington city, dined at a hotel, ate spring chickens and cussed the waiter if a fly got on the butter, conceived (and unfortunately for us, brought forth) the idea that the health of the army would be much improved by a change of diet, and that corn meal would be the most desirable agent to employ in bring-

ing about this happy result ; consequently, the order went forth that a day's rations of it should be substituted for one of fat pork, beans, etc.

I don't know how it was with other regiments at this time, but in ours the only cooking utensils we had were our quart tin-cups and a few frying-pans, which some ingenious soldier had made by melting the solder around the seams of the canteens, which caused them to come apart, then they stuck them on a cleft-stick, and there you were, a long-handled frying-pan. But extra canteens were scarce, and it was only a fortunate few that had them.

Cooking mush is a very simple operation when you have all the conveniences and don't have to do it yourself ; and if you don't like it when it is cooked you can let it alone, and go to the cupboard and get a hunk of bread and cold beef instead. Under these circumstances it is a very desirable dish ; but when you have no conveniences but those described above, and there is no sutler within ten miles of camp, and you have already foraged so successfully that in all the surrounding country there is not a cow, pig or chicken, and the few people who live in the house are so short of provisions that they would be glad to have the meal of which you are the unfortunate owner, it is no easy matter to cook your mush—and you must either cook it, eat the meal raw or go hungry.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," it is said, and many a queer invention was gotten up that day, but they were, for the most part, disastrous failures, involving

the loss of the precious meal and leaving nothing for the unfortunate experimenter to do but grin and bear it, as best he could, until the next day.

About a dozen of the boys watched the operations of the rest of us until they were satisfied that it would be wasted labor for them to try to cook their share, so they resolved themselves into an indignation meeting, and appointed a committee to take their combined stock to some neighboring house and trade it off for a dog, or even a cat, if they could do no better, and then report to the meeting.

The committee did as directed, and after a time returned with a small, half-starved dog, which they had secured in exchange for their meal.

A resolution was then offered and carried that the dog be christened, giving it the name of the medical dignitary by whose order the corn meal had been issued, and that a court be convened to try him on the charge of treason ; the specification being that he had caused the order to be issued in the interest of the enemy, expecting him to attack us while we were so weak with hunger that we could neither fight nor run, and be compelled to surrender, and the war would be decided in favor of secession.

The court met, the offender was tried, found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, and the sentence duly carried into effect, after which the meeting broke up.

That was the first time I had corn meal issued to me as a ration, and I am happy to say it was the last while I was in the service, and I am sure all the "boys" will say Amen !

Surrendered Six Times.

I SURRENDERED six times in one day during the war," said Dr. Thos. S. Hawley. "It was at Holly Springs, Miss. I was with the Union troops, and was making my headquarters with a resident physician. The family was a very hospitable one, but there was one daugh-

ter, about nineteen years old, red headed, and a regular little spit-fire, and a rebel through and through.

When the Confederates made their raid on the town they took us by surprise. I was in bed, and was awakened by the discharge of guns. I got up and dressed,

and in the early morning light soon saw our boys coming into town from the outposts. I noticed one poor fellow, badly wounded, hobbling along the road, and took him to the house. I carried him up stairs, put him in my bed, and gave the best attention I could to his wounds.

While I was engaged in this work, my host called me down stairs, saying "You are wanted." I knew what this meant. I went down and met a Confederate officer, who demanded that I surrender. I did so, and explained that I had a wounded man in the house who needed my attention. The officer very courteously paroled me on the spot. It seems, however, that the red haired little rebel was mad because I had brought the wounded Yankee into the house, and she was determined to make trouble for me. She told some other Confederate officer that I was there and he very promptly took

me prisoner. He came at me with drawn sword and said: "Surrender, sir." "I have surrendered," said I.

I again explained, and was paroled and returned to my patient. This surrender business was repeated until six different Confederates had taken me prisoner. Mr. Sixth Captor was a private, a boy about eighteen years old, and he rushed in the house with his musket leveled, and seemed determined to shoot. I have always had a suspicion that the girl put him up to it. I tried to explain that I had already been paroled five times, but it was hard work to get him to listen to anything. He kept yelling at me to surrender, and made me stand with my hands high in the air while I made my explanation. I believe he would have shot me but for the interference of my host and some Confederate officers who happened to come along.

The Army of Wooden Legs.

"WE HAVE the names of about 18,000 veterans who have applied for repairs," said Mr. Ramsey, who has charge of the artificial limb department of the surgeon general's office. "You know we fit them out with new sets of legs, arms, or other apparatus every five years. It is now getting toward the close of one of these periods, and we have repaired about 14,000 veterans."

"Aren't the one-legged men dying off?"

"Now, that's an interesting question. I guess they are. I presume many of those whose names we have here, have since died, but I can't tell certainly. Now, as I have said, every five years we reconstruct the maimed veterans of the army, but they have their choice to take the repairs or the money. The allowance for a leg is seventy-five dollars, for anything less than a leg it is fifty dollars. From one period to another many old veterans drop out. Some of them make one or two applications and then we never hear from them again. Naturally, we conclude

when they don't send for their money or legs they must be dead, and have no more use for them. But we don't limit ourselves to men who have actually lost their limbs. A man who has simply lost the use of his limb is entitled to a wooden leg or arm, as the case may be, though he can't wear them. So, you see, we can't keep a record of all the one-legged men; but I guess there are not as many as there used to be. Yet there are lots of them, and many who haven't any legs at all, and some with neither arms or legs. Then there are many who have not lost their limbs, but have no power to move. There is one man who gets two arms and two legs allowance, who cannot move any part of his body. There is another, a New England soldier, whose arms and legs are dead, and who is blind in both eyes. Not long ago a man came in here with no arms, and sat down at one of the desks and wrote with his teeth. It was not particularly fine writing, but you could read it.

"But you ask if they are dying off. Now here's a roll we are just completing," and he laid several tally sheets on his desk. "You can see how they run. This is the fifth period, and here's a man who has gotten five legs and five arms, quite a number for one man, if he used them all at once. And here is another who has gotten five legs and five arms. No, we don't furnish heads, but we supply parts of hands, jaws and sections of the skull and eyes. Now, here's a man who got one leg in the first period and has never gotten any since. He is probably dead. But, here is another who came in for repairs just after the close of the war, and was never heard from again until now, when he comes up again; he didn't wear out very fast. Some men wear well, and

don't bother about getting repaired so often. And here's another, who comes up for the first time, having done without his limb all these years. It runs this way all through. Those men who have not applied for their fifth leg, or whatever it is they want, we conclude must be dead."

"What are the legs made of?"

"Willow wood generally, and there are a variety of styles. They can take their choice. Some take the straight stick and stump it through life. Some legs have rubber joints and rubber feet. There is one made with a very fine ball and socket joint at the foot. There are many men with wooden legs whom you would never suspect. There were several officers of high rank who came here for their arms and legs."

Governor Curtin and Secretary Stanton.

ON the files of the War Department, ex-Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania says, are two rather spicy dispatches, one addressed to him by Secretary Stanton, and the other his reply.

It was late in the war, probably in the Spring of 1864, that Governor Curtin went to Washington to see the Secretary of War, and, after giving him a harrowing description of the condition of Federal prisoners in Andersonville, he appealed to him to save them.

Mr. Stanton said he did not see how he could do anything. "Why," said the Governor of Pennsylvania, "we have thousands of Confederate prisoners; let there be an exchange." With some heat, the Secretary asked if he meant to propose that we should take back a lot of diseased and enfeebled men, who could not return to the ranks, and give the Confederates an equal number of healthy and well-fed

men, who could at once recruit their armies.

Governor Curtin said that was exactly what he was after. "Well, sir," said Stanton, "a man who professes to be loyal to the Government ought to be ashamed to make such a treasonable suggestion." Curtin is an irascible gentleman, and he left in a choleric condition.

Immediately after he got home, he received from the Secretary a dispatch about as follows: "In the interests of loyalty to the Government and the speedy suppression of the rebellion, you should resign at once, and retire to private life, which you never should have left." Curtin replied to the Secretary: "In the interest of humanity, you should die and go to the devil, where you ought to have gone long ago." This shows how courteous great men sometimes are

The tallest soldier in the Union Army was Captain Van Buskirk, of Twenty-seventh Indiana Infantry. He was 6 feet 10½ inches high.

The shortest soldier in the Union Army was a private in the One Hundred and Ninety-second Ohio Volunteers. He was 24 years old and was 40 inches high.

Incidents of the Rebellion.

At a certain battle of the late war, a Federal chaplain happened to get into the vicinity of a battery of artillery which was hotly engaged. The Confederate shells were plowing furrows about the guns, and the cannoneers were grimly and actively at work to answer shot for shot. The chaplain addressed himself to a sergeant, who was very efficient but at the same time rather profane, in the following words:

"My friend, if you go on this way, can you expect the support of Divine Providence?"

"Ain't expectin' it," said the sergeant. "The Ninth New Jersey has been ordered to support this battery."

* * *

A northern general, famous as a fighter, was at a regimental re-union some time ago, and was expected to propose a toast to the regiment. He made a rambling but highly eulogistic speech, and concluded by saying:

"Here's to the gallant One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, the last to reach the field and the first to leave it."

He sat down amid shouts of laughter, and then seeing that he had made a mistake, he undertook to rectify it,

"Gentlemen," he said, "you must forgive my slip of the tongue! The toast I wished to propose was, 'Here's to the gallant One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, equal to none.'"

There was another burst of laughter, and the general rose for the third time, but his words were lost in the general merriment, and the toast was honored as he had already proposed it.

* * *

Leaning against the clerk's desk at one of the leading hotels in Richmond was a well-known general whose name has heretofore always been synonymous with bravery in action on the side of the Lost Cause. Unnoticed by him and equally unmindful of his presence there approached the desk a man who enjoys the rare

distinction of having served in the Confederate Army as a private. Running his finger down the open register that lay upon the desk, the newcomer halted a moment, and turning to a companion, exclaimed: "Gen. Blank; so he's here; well, I should like to meet that fellow again. The last time I saw him was at the battle of W——, where he was running like a turkey from the enemy!"

Here the General turned, and the two men recognizing each other, the speaker held out his hand in greeting, and instantaneously concluded, "And I was keeping him company!"

* * *

When Butler was in command of New Orleans he made, it will be remembered, many arrests for all sorts of reasons; and the offenders who were brought before him, no matter the grade of the offense—whether they were guilty of having more spoons than were absolutely necessary in an averaged-sized household or had been talking imprudently—were generally exiled to Ship Island, an exceedingly unpleasant place of retreat at any season of the year.

One eccentric old gentleman, who had been excessively indiscreet in his comments upon the current events, and who had been repeatedly but ineffectually warned to hold his tongue, was finally hauled before the general. It was shortly after the news of General Lee's victory at Fredericksburg had reached New Orleans, and the rebels were very jubilant over it.

"You have been expressing yourself in a very disloyal fashion, I understand, sir," said Butler, with an unusually sour twist of his business eye, "talking very outrageously and in a style calculated to produce mischief."

The old gentleman protested that he had said nothing particularly bad, and suggested that the irate general had been misinformed. But it was to no purpose. Butler waxed more and more indignant,

and declared he would send him to Ship Island. After much discussion, however, the sentence was revoked upon the old gentleman consenting to take the oath of allegiance, which he was very loath to do. The oath was administered in due form.

"Well, General," queried the old gentleman, after he had been sworn, "I'm a loyal man now, ain't I!"

"Certainly you are," said the General.

"After this oath I'm as loyal in the eyes of the government as you or any one else?"

"Unquestionably."

"And as such I'm now at liberty to talk."

"Of course; there can be no doubt of that."

"Well, then, General, confidentially and to go no further, didn't old Bob Lee give us — at Fredericksburg the other day?"

* * *

When General Pope was falling back before Lee's advance in the Virginia valley, his own soldiers thought his bulletins and orders somewhat strained in their rhetoric. At one of the numerous running engagements that marked that disastrous campaign, a private in one of the western regiments was mortally wounded by a shell. Seeing this man's condition, a chaplain knelt beside him, and, opening his Bible at random, read out Sampson's slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He had not quite finished, when, as the story runs, the poor fellow interrupted the reading by saying:

"Hold on, chaplain. Don't deceive a dying man. Isn't the name of John Pope signed to that?"

* * *

A shell struck the wheel of a Federal field-piece toward the close of the engagement at Fair Oaks, shivering the spokes and dismantling the cannon. "Well, isn't it lucky that didn't happen before we used up our ammunition," said one of the artillerymen, as he crawled from beneath the gun.

* * *

As the army was crossing South mountain the day before the battle of Antietam, General McClellan rode along the side of the moving column. Overtaking a favorite Zouave regiment, he exclaimed with his natural *bonhomme*:

"Well, and how is the old Fifth this evening?"

"First-rate, general," replied one of the Zouaves. "But we'd be better off if we weren't living so much on supposition."

"Supposition," said the general, in a puzzling tone. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's easily explained, sir. You see we expected to get our rations yesterday, but as we didn't, we're living on the supposition that we did."

"Ah! I understand; you shall have your rations, to-night," replied the general, putting spurs to his horse to escape the cheers of the regiment. And he kept his promise.

* * *

A soldier who was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, was remonstrated with by the colonel of his regiment; the conversation which took place was something like this:—

"You are a remarkably clean man, sir."

"Thank you, colonel."

"But, sir, you have bad habits."

"I am sorry for that, colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I couldn't do it, it would kill me."

* * *

A Confederate officer relates that at the battle of Fort Donelson, it was decided, after a hot fight, to withdraw from the fort. Upon looking around for Cæsar, his cook, he was nowhere to be seen. Shortly after, he discovered the man was inside the log on which he was standing.

"Come out of there!" commanded the officer

"Can't do it!" he shouted in reply.

"But you must. The fight is all over."

"But I can't—dar's fo' white men in dis log."

This the officer found to be a fact. They crawfished out, one after the other, and finally the darky appeared. The officer was about to open on him, but Cæsar protested:

"Doan' say one word! Dis am de fust time I ebber got ahead of a white man, an' its gwine to be de werry last! De nex' fout we have, I'se gwine to let de white man have de hull log to hisself, an' I'll look for a hole in de ground!"

* * *

An anecdote illustrating the contrast between the light-hearted pluck of the Southern soldier and the patriotic fervor—almost religious—of the Northern private, was recently told by a Southern officer. It was after the battle of Cedar Mountain, and two soldiers, one of the North, the other of the South, lay side by side, wounded, on the battle-field.

Before the ambulance came up to take them to more comfortable quarters, the lad in gray turned to the boy in blue and said in a quizzical tone:

"What are you fightin' fur?"

"The old flag!" was the reply.

"Sho'! thar's no use o' doin' that; we don't want it,"

* * *

As a regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and "confiscated" a couple of geese, and at the suggestion of an ingenious fellow and a natural "bummer," one of the drummers unheaded his instrument and put the captured birds in the drum. Shortly afterward the colonel came along, and noticing the boy shirked his usual drum whacks, rode up to him and said:

"Why don't you beat that drum?"

"Colonel," said the startled musician, "I want to speak to you."

The colonel drew still closer to him, and bending down his head, said "Well, what have you to say?"

The drummer whispered "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here."

The colonel straightened up and gravely said, "Well, if you're sick and can't play, you needn't," and then rode on.

It is needless to add that the colonel had roast goose that night.

* * *

There were 2047 Union regiments of all branches of service. Of these, 1696 were infantry, 272 regiments and 2 companies of cavalry, and 78 regiments and 2 batteries of artillery, or 936 batteries.

* * *

There were 2261 battles and engagements of all kinds on land during the war.

* * *

Among the wounded who arrived in Louisville, after the battle of Murfreesboro, was Joseph Rock, a private in company B, Twenty-third Kentucky, aged eighteen years, who was in the thickest of the fight. He was shot in the right breast, a minie ball striking the buckle of his suspenders, driving it through a portion of the lungs, and lodging under the skin in his back. The surgeon cut through the skin and took out the ball and buckle, which were fastened together. Besides this, he had three balls to pass through the leg of his pants, and the stock of his gun was shattered while taking aim.

* * *

At Cold Harbor a shell exploded in an Ohio regiment advancing against a battery, and sixteen men were wiped out in an instant. Of these nine were blown to fragments and the others horribly mutilated. The battery was firing twenty to thirty shells per minute, and this was the work of a single one. One discharge of grape in the same fight killed fourteen men in a Michigan regiment, and a New York regiment that went in with seven hundred and three men in line came out with two hundred and sixty. On one acre of ground the burial party found over seven hundred dead men. In a strip of woods where the battle lines had clashed, more than two thousand dead were found in a space not wider than a square in a city, and no more than three times as long.

* * *

An Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Be jabbers, those that didn't run are there yit,"

* * *

A bright little five year old boy was visiting his father, who belonged to a New York regiment, in camp.

One day, as he was playing before his father's tent, an officer approached; he was accustomed to being noticed, as a child in camp was a great luxury, but this soldier he evidently feared, and stepped inside the tent.

"Come here, my little man," said the officer who addressed him.

The discerning child replied, "I don't want to; you're a doctor, I know you're a doctor."

"You are mistaken; come here; I am not a doctor."

But the little fellow stuck to his convictions and only put his head out of the tent far enough to say; "Yes, you are a doctor, too; I know you're a doctor, for I can smell the medicine on your breath."

And during the remainder of that officer's term of service he never received any other name.

* * *

It was at the battle of Chancellorsville that a cannon ball carried off a soldier's leg.

"Carry me to the rear!" he cried, to a tall Irish companion who had been fighting at his side—"My leg's shot off!"

The comrade caught the wounded soldier up, and as he was about to put him across his shoulder, another cannon ball carried away the poor fellow's head. His friend, however, in the confusion, did not notice this, but proceeded with his burden toward the rear.

"What are you carrying that thing for?" cried an officer.

"Thing!" returned he. "It's a man wid his leg shot off."

"Why, he hasn't any head!" cried the officer.

The soldier looked at his load, and for the first time saw that what the officer said was true. Throwing down the body he thundered out:

"Confound him! he tould me it was his leg."

* * *

The First Minnesota Infantry sustained the greatest loss of Union commands, in proportion to numbers engaged, in any one day's battle. At Gettysburg, July, 1863, the command lost 50 killed and 174 wounded, of the 263 officers and men engaged.

* * *

The Twenty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, took into battle at Gettysburg 800 officers and men, and lost in killed, 86; wounded, 502; missing, 120; total loss in one battle, 708; leaving but 92 men fit for duty. In one company, 84 strong, every man and officer was hit, and the orderly sergeant, who made out the list, did it with a bullet through each leg. This is, by far, the largest regimental loss on either side during the war.

* * *

The number of men in the United States armies, from 1861 to 1865, was 2,859,132.

The number of colored troops in the service was 186,017.

The number of casualties in the volunteer and regular armies during the rebellion, was 61,362 killed in battle; 34,727 died of wounds; 183,287 died of disease; making the total deaths, 278,386. Of this number, fully 100,000 are buried in unknown graves. In the Fredericksburg National Cemetery are buried 15,068 defenders of the Union, of which number 12,601 are marked "Unknown." These bodies were gathered from various battlefields in Virginia.

The total number of desertions from the Union army was 199,105.

The number of U. S. soldiers captured was 212,608.

The number of U. S. soldiers who died as prisoners of war was 29,725.

There were 301 suicides, and 121 were executed.

Yes, I'm Guilty!

"Yes, I'm guilty," the prisoner said,
As he wiped his eyes and bowed his head.
"Guilty of all the crimes you name;
But this yere lad is not to blame.
'Twas I alone who raised the row,
And, Judge, if you please, I'll tell yer how.
You see, this boy is pale and slim;
We calls him saint—his name is Tim—
He's like a preacher in his ways—
He never drinks, or swears, or plays,
But kinder sighs and weeps all day—
'Twould break your heart to hear him
pray.

Why, sir, many and many a night,
When grub was scarce and I was tight.
No food, no fire, no light to see,
I've seen that boy in darkness kneel,
And pray such words as cuts like steel;
Which somehow warmed and lit the room
And sorter chased away the gloom.
Smile if you must, but facts are facts,
And deeds are deeds, and acts are acts;
And though I'm black as sin can be,
His prayers have done a heap for me,
And makes me think that God, perhaps,
Sent him on earth to save us chaps.
This man what squealed and pulled us in,
He keeps a place called Fiddler's Inn,
Where fakes, and snides, and lawless
scamps

Cennive and plot with thieves and tramps.
Well, Tim and me we didn't know
Just what to do or where to go,
And so we stayed with him last night,
And this is how we had the fight;
They wanted Tim to take a drink,
But he refused as you may think,
And told them how the flowing bowl
Contained the fire that killed the soul.
'Drink! Drink!' they cried, 'this foam-
ing beer,

'Twill make you strong and give you
cheer;

Let preachers groan and prate of sin,
But give us the flowing gin!"
Then Tim knelt down beside his chair,
And offered up his little prayer:
'Help me, dear Lord,' the child began,
As down his cheeks the big tears ran
'To keep the pledge I gave to you,
And make me strong, and good, and
I've done my best to do what's
But Lord, I'm sad and weak to
Father, mother, oh, plead for me
Tell Christ I long with you to be
'Get up, you brat, don't pray 'roun,
The landlord yelled with rage and
Then, like a brute, he hit the lad,
Which made my blood just b'iling
I guess I must uv hurt his head,
For I struck hard for the man that's d
No, he hain't no folks nor friends but n
His dad was killed in sixty-three,
Shot at the front, where bursting shell
And cannon sang their song of hell,
And muskets hissed with fiery breath,
As brave men fell to their time of death.
I promised his father before he died,
As the life blood rushed from his wound-
ed side,
And it filled the soldier's heart with joy,
That I'd protect his darling boy.
I simply did as his father would,
And helped the weak, as all men should.
Yes, I knocked him down and blackened
his eye,
And used him rough, I'll not deny;
But think of it, Judge, a chap like him
Striking the likes of little Tim
If I did wrong, send me below,
But spare the son of comrade Joe—
You forgive him; and me? Oh, no!
A fact! God bless you? Come, Tim,
let's go."

A Stomach to Fit the Ration.

General Lee, of the Confederate army, seeing one of his men eating unripe persimmons, said: "My man, you shouldn't eat those. They're not fit to eat yet."

"I know it, Gmereal," replied the soldier. "I'm not eatin' them bekase they are good, but bekase I want to draw my stomach."

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